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15th
Fifteenth Annual Festival

of the

New
England Society
of Pennsylvania,

at the

Continental Hotel, Philadelphia,

December 23, 1895.

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NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Annual festival... 11th-38th; 1891-1918.
Philadelphia, 1892?1-1919.
38v.

Each volume contains list of officers and
members, and constitution of the Society.

AMERICAN

CONTENTS.

	Page
Officers	3
Treasury	4
Objects of the Society	5
Terms of Membership	5
Fifteenth Annual Meeting	6
Fifteenth Annual Festival	9
Address by President Converse	14
Address by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie	18
Address by Gen. Nelson A. Miles	28
Address by Hon. Henry E. Howland	34
Address by Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D.	43
Address by Rev. H. C. McCook, D.D.	49
Constitution and By-Laws	62
Members—Honorary, Life and Annual	67
Mortuary	75
Deceased Members	80

1896.
Council of the Society.

Officers.

President,
JOHN H. CONVERSE.

Vice-Presidents,
STEPHEN W. DANA, D. D.,
RICHARD A. LEWIS.

Treasurer,
CLARENCE H. CLARK.

Chaplain,
CHAS. H. RICHARDS, D. D.

Secretary,
JOSEPH P. MUMFORD.

Physician,
C. P. TURNER, M. D.

Directors.

One Year.
JOHN SPARHAWK, JR.
E. BURGESS WARREN,
DR. H. M. HOWE,
THEO. FROTHINGHAM.

Two Years.
HAROLD GOODWIN,
THOS. E. CORNISH,
EDWARD P. BORDEN,
W. D. WINSOR.

Three Years.
HON. CHARLES EMORY SMITH,
N. PARKER SHORTRIDGE,
LINCOLN GODFREY,
CHARLES A. BRINLEY.

Committees.

On Admission of Members:

THE FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, THE SECRETARY,
E. BURGESS WARREN,
JOHN SPARHAWK, JR.,

W. D. WINSOR,
DR. H. M. HOWE.

Finance:

ALL THE OFFICERS EXCEPT THE CHAPLAIN AND PHYSICIAN.

Charity:

THE CHAPLAIN AND PHYSICIAN,
HAROLD GOODWIN,
THEODORE FROTHINGHAM,

LINCOLN GODFREY,
N. PARKER SHORTRIDGE.

Entertainment:

THE SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT,
EDWARD P. BORDEN,
THOMAS E. CORNISH,

HON. CHARLES EMORY SMITH,
CHARLES A. BRINLEY.

TREASURY.

CLARENCE H. CLARK, *Treasurer*, in account with the New
England Society of Pennsylvania.

1894.	Nov. 9.	To balance cash	\$2,224 73	
1895.	Nov. 8.	To amount received from members :		
		Initiation fees	140 00	
		Annual dues	723 00	
		Fidelity Trust Co., interest	47 26	
		By paid sundry bills		\$ 348 48
		“ “ Dinner Fund		298 71
		“ “ Charity Fund		87 50
		By balance cash		2,400 30
			\$3,134 99	\$3,134 99
1895.	Nov. 6.	To balance cash deposited with Fidelity Insurance, Trust and Safe Deposit Co.	\$2,400 30	

CLARENCE H. CLARK, *Treasurer*.

The undersigned, the Audit Committee, respectfully report that they have examined the accounts of the Treasurer and find the same correct, showing a balance in his hands of twenty-four hundred dollars and thirty cents (\$2,400.30).

RICHARD A. LEWIS.
JOSEPH P. MUMFORD.

Objects of the Society.

The New England Society of the State of Pennsylvania was organized in 1881, for charity, good-fellowship, and the honoring of a worthy ancestry.

Terms of Membership.

Initiation Fee	\$ 5 00
Annual Dues, after the first year	3 00
Life Membership	50 00
Payable after election.	

Any male person, over eighteen years of age, native, or a descendant of a native, of any New England State, of good moral character, is eligible to membership.

The widow or child of a member, if in need of it, is entitled to five times as much as he may have paid the Society.

The friends of a deceased member are requested to give the Secretary early information of the time and place of his birth and death, with brief incidents of his life, for publication in our Annual Report.

Address

J. P. MUMFORD, *Secretary*,
No. 313 Chestnut Street.

Fifteenth Annual Meeting.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the New England Society of Pennsylvania was held at The Continental, in Parlor C, on Thursday evening, December 12th, at 8 o'clock. John H. Converse, the President of the Society, presided.

The minutes of the last Annual Meeting were presented and approved.

The report of the Treasurer was read, accepted and ordered to be printed with these proceedings.

A report of the proceedings of the Council during the year was read and approved.

The proposed amendment to the Constitution, offered at the last Annual Meeting, was considered and adopted, as follows :

Strike out Article V. and substitute the following :

V. COUNCIL.

1. At each Annual Meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, a Chaplain, and a Physician, to serve one year and until their successors are chosen. At the Annual Meeting in 1895 there shall also be elected twelve Directors, who, upon entering upon office, shall divide themselves by lot into three classes of four each, one class to serve one year, one class two years and one class three years. At the Annual Meeting in 1896, and each subsequent year, there shall be elected four Directors, to serve three years, or until their successors are elected. The officers and Directors elected each year shall enter upon office

on the first of January next succeeding, and, together with the Directors holding over, shall constitute the Council.

Of the Council there shall be four standing committees :

(a) On Admission, consisting of the First Vice-President, the Secretary and four Directors.

(b) On Finance, consisting of the officers of the Society, except the Chaplain and Physician.

(c) On Charity, consisting of the Chaplain, Physician and four Directors.

(d) On Entertainment, consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

2. The Council shall fill any vacancy which shall occur in any office, or in the position of Director.

The Committee on Admission reported favorably upon the following applications: Hiram Andres, Edgar H. Butler, Daniel Haddock Carstairs, J. Haseltine Carstairs, Martin B. Culver, N. Bradford Dean, Morris Earle, Edward S. W. Farnum, Charles Hebard, John A. McDowell, Charles P. Poole, Thomas S. Safford, Edw. Grafton Sanger, E. Irvin Scott, Winthrop Dudley Sheldon, Dr. W. B. Van Lennep, Louis C. Vanuxem, John Green Wight, Rev. Byron A. Woods, D.D.

On motion of Mr. E. Burgess Warren, the gentlemen so named were elected members of the Society.

Mr. Richard A. Lewis, for the Committee on Entertainment, reported that the coming festival would be held at The Continental on December 23d.

Mr. Thomas E. Cornish moved that a committee of five be appointed to make nominations of officers and Directors.

The Chair appointed Josiah Kisterbock, Jr., Stephen W. White, Harold Peirce, Waldo M. Claflin and George E. Mapes.

Pending the report of this committee, Mr. Richard A. Lewis offered the following :

Resolved, That the price of tickets for the annual banquet be fixed at five dollars each ; that the limit of tickets for each

member be fixed at three, and the Entertainment Committee be instructed to reduce the number to one each, if they found it necessary.

On motion of Mr. Cornish, the thanks of the Society were extended to Messrs. Kingsley & Co., of The Continental, for their courtesy in giving the Society the use of Parlor C for this Annual Meeting.

The Committee on Nominations presented the following report: President, John H. Converse; First Vice-President, Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D.D.; Second Vice-President, Richard A. Lewis; Secretary, Joseph P. Mumford; Treasurer, Clarence H. Clark; Chaplain, Rev. Charles H. Richards, D.D.; Physician, C. P. Turner, M.D.; Directors, Hon. Charles Emory Smith, N. Parker Shortridge, Harold Goodwin, Thomas E. Cornish, Edward P. Borden, W. D. Winsor, John Sparhawk, Jr., E. Burgess Warren, Dr. H. M. Howe, Lincoln Godfrey, Theodore Frothingham, Charles A. Brinley.

The report of the committee was received and the committee discharged.

Mr. Converse expressed a wish that the committee be reconvened and another name substituted for his own for the office of President, but ex-President Smith moved that the report of the committee be acted on by proceeding to an election.

On motion of Mr. Shortridge, the Secretary was instructed to cast one ballot of the Society for all of those nominated. The Secretary reported result, and the officers and Directors named by the committee were declared duly elected.

On motion of Mr. Shortridge, the Society then adjourned.

At a Council meeting, held January 25, 1896, the Directors were divided by lot into three classes, as appears on page 3 of this Report.

Fifteenth Annual Festival.

Again the festival of the New England Society of Pennsylvania figured as one of the chief events of the year in Philadelphia and proved eminently successful in every way. The white walls of The Continental were covered with the pine boughs, wood ivy of New England, and legends with the names of the six States, the date " 1620 " in immortelles, and the floral effigy of the bluff-bowed Mayflower. The cornered recesses were bowered in palms and the flaming crimson of the hibiscus. The chandeliers were festooned with ivy and holly, and the Christmas holly and mistletoe were wreathed along the tables, among the jars of roses and pillars of fruit that were scattered in profusion. Over each table hung a conical Puritan hat, filled with red roses, and the tables were marked by floral letters in heroic size, from A to H. An orchestra and a troupe of mandolin players alternated in the musical entertainment. The effect of the lavish decoration was very beautiful, and surpassed the environment of all previous New England dinners.

At about 7 o'clock the members, led by the President and guests, marched from Parlor C to the banquet hall, and after invocation by Chaplain Dana, took seats and were served to the following menu:

Oak Island oysters, celery, consommé Continental, terrapin, roast spring turkey, browned potatoes, purée fresh mushrooms, new string beans, Boston baked beans, hot brown bread, Puritan preference, grass plover bardé, lettuce, iced chestnuts, doughnuts and other goodies, café noir, cigars.

As usual, the President's table ran the length of the dining hall, and the eight tables, transversely placed, were arranged like the teeth of a comb. The President sat at the center of the main table, with the speakers and guests on either side of him.

PRESIDENT'S TABLE.

John H. Converse.

Maj.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A.,	Judge Henry E. Howland,
Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D.,	Hon. Charles Emory Smith,
Rev. Francis L. Robbins, D.D.,	Hamilton W. Mabie,
Rev. Charles H. Richards, D.D.,	Hon. Edwin S. Stuart,
Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D.,	Gen. Louis Wagner,
Joseph P. Mumford,	George B. Roberts,
Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D.D.,	N. Parker Shortridge,
Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, D.D.,	Rev. Samuel D. McConnell, D.D.,
L. Clarke Davis,	Atwood Smith,
E. S. Seranton,	Amos R. Little,
Rev. W. B. Bodine, D.D.,	Barclay Warburton,
Mahlon N. Kline,	Justus C. Strawbridge,
Prof. A. S. Bolles,	Edward F. Kingsley,
Caleb J. Milne,	Clarkson Clothier,
Frederick B. Miles,	J. A. McDowell,
	John M. Butler,
	Jackson C. Fuller.

TABLE A.

Thomas E. Cornish.

L. G. Worthington,	James E. Mitchell,
Charles M. Whitcomb,	John Kisterbock,
Charles W. Davis,	William R. Lyman,
Alfred H. Edson,	J. H. Schenck, M.D.,
Francis A. Howard,	Edwin Hagert,
John A. S. Brown,	J. Kisterbock, Jr.,
Edward Tredick,	Collins W. Walton,
Walter E. Graham,	Joel Cook,
J. Tabelé Brown,	Stephen W. White,
Charles P. Hayes,	Albert Pancoast,
H. F. Kenney,	Captain J. W. Shackford,
Joseph Ashbrook,	A. S. Hetherington,
E. H. Plummer,	B. J. Woodward.

TABLE B.

Eugene Delano.

Henry W. Brown,	James May Duane,
Henry N. Hoxie,	A. B. Johnson,
W. L. Austin,	H. S. Furness,
S. M. Vanclain,	H. P. Kremer,
Albert H. Ely,	Grahame Wood,
Thomas S. Southworth,	George Wood,
Dr. G. M. Marshall,	S. T. Wellman,
J. Warren Hale,	John M. Moore,
Henry S. Hale,	E. O. Thompson,
Dr. E. Howard,	Charles D. Spence,
C. G. Trumbull,	Charles Baltzell,
P. E. Howard,	Benjamin Thompson,
Robert P. Field,	W. H. Hurley.
George B. Carr,	

TABLE C.

E. Burgess Warren.

Isaac R. Davis,	Lieut. Frederick Wolley, U.S.A.,
Rev. Louis F. Benson,	Byron P. Moulton,
Charles F. Haseltine,	James L. Southwick,
Daniel H. Carstairs,	Col. George G. Felton,
Col. De Lancey G. Walker,	J. Haseltine Carstairs,
Col. Alfred Cromelein,	Dr. Alfred Whelen,
Robert P. Snowden,	Charles Gaunt,
Capt. E. J. Conway, U.S.A.,	Gen. Charles E. Leiper,
Capt. A. A. Clay,	Capt. Charles H. Cox,
Kingston G. Whelen,	William E. Bullus,
Frank Green,	Stanley B. Haddock,
Robert C. Ogden,	G. C. Ramsdell,
Alexander Purves,	J. G. Ramsdell,
	Samuel M. Clement.

TABLE D.

Richard A. Lewis.

George Burnham, Jr.,
 James F. Hope,
 Arthur B. Lovejoy,
 William B. Sheppard,
 Thomas K. Ober,
 E. S. Hart,
 Charles H. Ranney,
 Dr. G. M. Christine,
 C. Eliot Beers,
 Dr. J. G. Wight,
 L. O. Smith,
 E. G. Sanger,
 Dr. D. D. Smith,

Col. Tatnall Paulding,
 G. Morris Dorrance,
 Dr. F. H. Getchell,
 Samuel Wetherill,
 S. B. Stinson,
 Frank Kennedy,
 George C. Coughlin,
 C. M. Moody,
 William T. Smith,
 George M. Randle,
 Daniel A. Waters,
 A. B. Weimer,
 Rev. C. W. Nevin.

TABLE E.

Edward P. Borden.

J. G. Darlington,
 Edward T. Stotesbury,
 George H. McFadden,
 Lincoln Godfrey,
 Charles E. Pugh,
 Henry S. Grove,
 John H. McFadden,
 Henry E. Garsed,
 Isaac H. Clothier,
 F. Von A. Calleen,
 Charles Roberts,
 Augustus Thomas,
 Samuel B. Huey,

David G. Yates,
 E. Shirley Borden,
 Parker Shortridge Williams,
 Theodore N. Ely,
 J. P. Crittenden,
 Robert Stewart,
 Waldo M. Claflin,
 H. E. Taylor,
 Dr. John B. Chapin,
 Patterson Dubois,
 Walter Freeman,
 William Wilson,
 Dr. C. H. Thomas.

TABLE F.

Theodore Frothingham.

William H. Ingham,	Mont. H. Smith,
Charles A. Brinley,	Persival Roberts, Jr.,
T. Seymour Scott,	Dr. DeF. Willard,
H. O. Hilderbrand,	Dr. E. W. Holmes,
Harry J. Howell,	Charles A. Converse,
C. H. Brush,	G. S. Hetherington,
E. W. Hooker,	C. W. Scott,
Dr. C. P. Turner,	W. J. Hall,
George N. Reynolds,	W. H. Miller,
Horace W. Sellers,	T. S. Safford,
S. W. Colton, Jr.,	C. J. Bechdolt,
W. F. Dreer,	E. Irvin Scott,
C. C. Febiger,	F. H. Lewis,
Francis L. Wayland,	H. M. Lewis.

TABLE G.

Dr. H. M. Howe.

Frank P. Howe,	Alfred C. Harrison,
Edward Samuels,	William D. Winsor,
Dr. H. B. Allyn,	Dr. Samuel G. Dixon,
Isaac W. Allyn,	E. H. Butler,
E. A. Corbin,	Charles J. Harrah,
Dr. S. P. Burdick,	Capt. D. A. Lyle,
Theodore B. Stubb,	E. S. W. Farnum,
William P. Elwell,	E. L. Harrington,
Simeon Burt,	M. H. Harrington,
H. W. Littlefield,	Edward W. Burt,
C. P. Poole,	William Goodrich,
Harold Goodwin,	George A. Bigelow.

TABLE II.

John Sparhawk, Jr.

L. C. Vanuxem,	Charles W. Sparhawk,
Dr. H. E. Dwight,	H. S. Sparhawk,
Charles Hebard,	Albert F. Kelly,
J. T. Bennett,	Luther S. Kelly,
Harold Peirce,	William D. Kelley,
N. S. Keay,	D. Wallerstein,
Col. J. Cassels,	C. M. Smith,
Maj. L. S. Bent,	Alban Spooner,
George E. Earnshaw,	John W. Hamer,
Josiah Monroe,	Frank Battles,
Edwin Osborne,	Harry C. Vambert,
William C. Haddock,	Henry C. Terry,
H. B. Hackett,	Dr. N. M. Miller.
David Milne,	

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

BRETHREN OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA

—HONORED GUESTS: We are assembled to-night to participate in the Fifteenth Annual Festival of the New England Society of Pennsylvania. It is something less than a decade and a half ago that "a band of Pilgrims moored their bark" in the parlor of him who has served the Society as its Treasurer from the beginning. We miss him from his accustomed place this evening, and we sympathize with him in the bereavement which compels his absence.

"There were heroes before Agamemnon," and there were New England Societies in Philadelphia before our present organization was founded. I believe it was a venerable and honest resident of Brother Sparhawk's native town of Salem who claimed that, when his neighbor's stable was in flames, he was the first *man* who "hollered fire." There were, he admitted, one or two women who gave a previous alarm, but he was the first *man*. And so we must confess that two

New England Societies are of record in Philadelphia before our association saw the light, but they were comparatively short-lived.

The reason is not far to seek. Undoubtedly they lacked the faithful service and the wise counsels of a Borden and a Mumford, and the appreciation of "the eternal fitness of things" of a Cornish, who forms the connecting link between Plymouth Rock and our Society, and is never a "missing link." Neither, I conjecture, did they number among their members any with the organizing faculty and the methodical management of a Shortridge, who, after years of valiant service, has insisted on retiring from the Vice-Presidency, and so eluding—only temporarily, I trust—the claims of this Presidential chair. But, once more,—and "no further seek their frailties to disclose,"—it is impossible that they could have had a Lewis, apt in all the multifarious details of the Entertainment Committee and both mentally and physically qualified to cope with its responsibilities. If I cannot say of him, as was said of Saul of old, that "when he stood among the people he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward," I can say, as I look in vain on either side of me for his supporting presence, "Behold! he hath hid himself among the stuff."

Starting in 1881 with about the same number of Pilgrims as crowded the cabins of the Mayflower, our Society has grown to a membership of nearly 350. We have entertained at our board judges and journalists, educators and ecclesiastics, Cabinet officers and Congressmen, and a President, a Vice-President and an ex-President of the United States; and I think I run no great risk in prophesying that the President to be elected in 1896 will prove to have been one of our guests. What an encouragement is this to my successor in office! What a prevailing argument to weave into his letters of invitation to eminent and desirable after-dinner speakers!

Our example has not been lost. Elsewhere New England Societies have sprung into existence. The latest has just been organized in that metropolis of the West which claims

within its limits most of the territory between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi. We shall watch with interest the growth and development of that society. Whether or not the cultivation of the stern and robust virtues of the Puritans shall endure in Chicago remains to be seen; for, confessedly, the Chicago taste is peculiar. You remember the story of the good Chicagoan (and I am told there are such) who presented himself for admission at the gates of the Celestial City. "Well, you can come in if you want to," replied St. Peter, when he learned that the applicant was from Chicago, "but I don't think you'll like it!"

The object of our Society has unfortunately been misunderstood. The purpose is not to glorify New England in contrast with Pennsylvania. The native of Providence Plantations makes no boast based on territorial impressiveness. He remembers the mortified individual who confessed that he could not have felt more insignificant if he had been Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island. Sons of Connecticut willingly admit their gratification that they have transferred their citizenship to the Keystone State, even though our Commonwealth is said to have adopted a new Latin motto, "*Sine Quay non.*" Some of us who hail from the green mountains of Vermont, or the granite hills of New Hampshire, look back with only qualified regret on a locality where the rocks bear a proportion to the soil aptly expressed by the ratio so dear to our bimetallic brethren—about 16 to 1. And great as may be the loyalty of the sons of Massachusetts, they are occasionally restive over the claims of Boston, where, as Henry James says, you have to pass a literary examination on entering the city and are given a degree when you leave its limits.

It is not Yankee enterprise and business sagacity that we would celebrate. These are sufficiently established. I hold in my hand a letter received a few days ago from a worthy Vermonter which is a conspicuous instance of the fact. It reads: "Sir: I see by the papers you are to have a great gathering and a festival of New Englanders in Philadelphia.

I should be pleased to sell you what pure Vermont maple syrup you want for that occasion. Price, \$1.25 per gallon, in gallon cans, on cars here."

This is only equaled by that other Yankee, who, when he heard that the Government was about to open the Yellowstone reservation as a National Park, wrote to Washington applying for the contract to make the little sign-boards, "Keep Off the Grass."

It is not, then, a locality of which we boast; a section which we glorify. Our New England Society means more than these. We honor an idea; we celebrate a principle; we reverence that Puritan spirit which beginning in New England has largely moulded the nation; we ratify the platform of the Forefathers, simple and old-fashioned as it was. They sought first the kingdom of God; they made civil government subordinate to the Divine law; and they believed that righteousness exalteth a nation. They had no practical politics, and hence no "reformers within the party." As to reformers without the party, they were promptly disposed of by hanging or banishment. They had no citizen's committee, no business men's political association, and we read of no Senatorial investigation of John Carver or William Bradford or their subordinates.

We rejoice to-day that the Puritan spirit has not entirely lost its potency. When Theodore Roosevelt was asked on what plans he proposed to administer the Police Department of New York, he replied, "On the principles enunciated in the Old and New Testaments."

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

THE PRESIDENT continued:

But I fear I am trenching on ground to be more worthily occupied by others. It is my duty only to announce the topics—not to discuss them. We are fortunate in having with us this evening the distinguished editor of *The Outlook*, and in his hands we rejoice that we may leave the sentiment, "The

Day We Celebrate.' I have the honor to introduce Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, of New York.

ADDRESS BY MR. HAMILTON W. MABIE.

After a cordial greeting, Mr. Mabie said:

I am very confident, Mr. President and gentlemen, that if Matthew Arnold had been the guest of the New England Society of Pennsylvania, he never would have been guilty of the heretical sentiment that he would rather have crossed the Atlantic, in the Mayflower, with Shakespeare than with the Puritans. Yet I know, gentlemen, that behind all this mass of geniality there is the old Puritan temper, and when I find myself facing three hundred Puritans under one ceiling, I confess that it is with a certain sense of apprehension. I feel somewhat as that Irishman felt who had built up a fine and impressive *post-bellum* tradition of his own bravery. According to his story, he had been in every fight during the war and in every great engagement he had been seriously wounded. One day he was describing the last battle in the "Wilderness," on which occasion, he declared, just as the Confederates were retreating, a minie ball passed through his left breast. "But," said one of his hearers, "how could that have been, Pat, because that's where your heart is; and, if a ball had gone through there, it would have killed you?" "Not a bit of it," said Pat; "my heart was in my mouth." Gentlemen, my heart is in my mouth; and that's where a man's heart ought to be if he is going to speak on such a subject as this and about the men whom we are gathered here to-night to honor.

It is impossible, in spite of all the New England Societies that have been and are and shall be, to exhaust the significance of the Puritan;—it is impossible because the Puritan was a great type of human character, and the interest in him, like that in great heroes, great artists and great leaders, is inexhaustible. It does not make any difference how many translations of Homer there are, there is going to be a new translation every twenty years as long as the language exists; it

does not make any difference how many Lives of Napoleon are written there is going to be a new life every decade, if we may judge from recent appearances; it does not make any difference how much we talk about the great types of human nature, because, representing as they do the perennial interests and the undying faith and aspiration of man, they can never be exhausted. Now, the Puritan was born in a stormy time; he was born in a time when the old order was going to pieces about him; he was born midway between that tremendous conflict which England waged with Spain and that other tremendous conflict through which she arrived at unity and harmony in herself. Born in that age, with the hammer of those mighty circumstances beating upon him, with the tremendous pressure of persecution and oppression, with all the antagonistic elements of his age, it is not wonderful that his fiber became so strenuous and his power of endurance to death so characteristic and so striking.

In 1549, in the reign of Edward VI., on Whitsunday, the new service in the Reformed English prayer-book was appointed to be read in every church in England. Down in Cornwall and Devon, untutored men had been hearing the Mass so long that they could not imagine the Christ without the Mass, and so they rose in revolt; and out of that storm of persecution there fled Edmund Drake, a Protestant, a man of the Reformation, with his little child Francis in his company. That man and his family went to Plymouth, where there were old warships that had been abandoned and were rotting in the harbor; and such was the stress of their condition that the family took refuge in one of those ships and lived there. Twelve sons were born in that family, and the old chronicler tells us that, inasmuch as it pleased God that many of them should come into being on the water, so it pleased God that most of them should die at sea. Francis Drake had, for the music of boyhood, the swash of the tide under the ship, the swinging of the masts and the stories of the wild sea-dogs. They were frightened by the stories of the Inquisition, but their hearts were touched and their imaginations inspired by the conditions and traditions of one of the most heroic

ages in English history. Francis served as a ship-boy between Holland and England, was kicked about and knocked about and learned the savage trade of the sea, for it was a savage trade in those days. Then, by and by, the time came when the personal quality of the man began to show itself in those wild adventures that were to carry his name and the flag of England to the very end of the earth. Never was a man placed in more extraordinary surroundings than he. Compelled as he was to face a great world of conditions adverse to him, never did a man show more complete reliance upon the resources that were in him and less reliance upon resources about him. He was the servant of a state that was still divided against itself; he was the servant of a sovereign whose habit it was to share the profits and repudiate the losses of an expedition; he was the servant of a queen who desired her subjects to bring her the gold of the New World, but who was in the habit of disowning and dishonoring those subjects whenever an attempt was made to hold her to any degree of responsibility for the means by which that gold had been obtained. Though his little fleet was without recognition or backing, nevertheless by the prowess of his own arm, by the intrepidity of his own spirit, by his mighty reliance upon God,—free-booter, plunderer and pirate as he was,—it was the fortune of Francis Drake, single-handed, to singe the beard of the King of Spain along his own coast; to sail over mysterious seas and scour the Spanish main, where the wealth of the New World was accumulating; to capture the great treasure ships of Spain; to enter great cities through channels into which no other sailor had ever ventured; to lay siege to fortifications that had never been attacked; to plunge at midnight into cities with troops numbering but a hundredth part of the fighting men within the walls of those cities; to pass over the isthmus into a new country; and to break the spell of Spanish rule on the Pacific Ocean by going through Magellan Strait and devastating that coast before the Spaniard knew there was a man living who could find his way there by that route. It was Francis Drake's fortune, by his intrepidity, his stout heart and his

English self-reliant nature, to achieve for himself, in spite of the most formidable obstacles, a reputation and a place second to that of no man of his time. Such was the magnitude of his exploits that he succeeded, almost single-handed, in weakening the maritime power of Spain, in smiting it asunder where it had supposed itself safest, and driving home the blow that was one day to make itself felt in the crumbling of that mighty empire to its foundations.

Gentlemen, I do not need to tell you that Francis Drake was not a Puritan. And yet he seems to me to have furnished an illustration of one of the two great qualities or principles of the English Puritans. These were, first, his faith in the absoluteness of God, of that Divine Sovereignty which put an immovable and indestructible foundation under his feet; and, second, his faith in the sovereignty of man, not the sovereignty of every man, but of some men, the sovereignty of the elect, for there was truth in the saying that the Puritans came here to worship to a certain extent their own dictates. In the affirmation of that principle of the sovereignty of man the Puritan drew out of himself and out of all men with whom he came in contact that which was highest, noblest and most worthy of achievement—the power of personality. It makes little difference in what specific direction a man's talents or culture or training may be developed; the supreme question is, What is his personality, what is the measure of the power that is in him? The great men of history were the men whom Balzac had in mind when he spoke of "torrents of will"—men who do, men who suffer, men who dare. These are the men who, like Francis Drake, are willing to measure themselves against all the forces of the world and who believe that, God being with them, there is nothing in the world which they cannot overcome. Such was the belief of the Puritans; and in the times when the clouds were darkest and their difficulties thickest they were ready to say with Drake: "It matters not, man; God has many things in store for us yet." Think of the invincibility of a man who—rough though he may be, unscrupulous though he may be, according to his time—believes that he must

conquer since God, the Supreme, the Immutable, the Eternal, is behind him! That was the principle which allied Puritanism with Civil Progress. Those men stood up by themselves, apart from the society in which they lived and distinct from its long-established ranks and divisions. They declared that their supreme allegiance was not to king and not to bishop, but to God himself. They did not scruple to describe themselves, in the sublime language of the Bible, as "kings and priests unto God;" and they believed they were such. Therefore they were unabashed in the presence of earthly potentates, they were unawed by the old orders of society, they were undismayed in the midst of dangers and difficulties known and unknown.

That liberation of personal power which elicited, through faith in himself and by faith in God, the mightiest capabilities of a man—that was the thing that was born of the Renaissance. The characteristic of that historic period was a liberation of personal force in volume and quality such as the world had never seen before. I believe that between 1400 and 1600 there were in Italy more men of distinction, of power and of individuality than had ever been gathered together in any country in the same period of time—men like Da Vinci, who was not only one of the first artists of his time, but one of the greatest engineers and most accomplished diplomatists—men like Michael Angelo, who not only could build a St. Peter's, but could adorn it with those wonderful frescoes and statues which have made his name immortal; and who was also one of the truest poets and, above all, one of the grandest characters of any age. Now, that mighty force which the Renaissance loosened, and which the Reformation confirmed, Puritanism took hold of and placed on an immovable foundation, that of faith in God himself as an absolute God and the sovereign of the universe, and of faith in the sovereignty of the individual man. When you have those two elements combined you have a force which nothing can vanquish, and the influence of which in its workings cannot be measured.

I think, gentlemen, that which above all else we need to

learn from the Puritan to-day is the lesson of his sublime faith in his own supremacy. If the Puritan were to come back to earth to-day I am sure that, with the wider grasp of conditions and the greater mental activity of our time, he would see that the one thing which we need, and which he had, is this supreme faith in our own capabilities. When we look about and reflect how immeasurably science has driven back the frontiers of the universe, or when we catch a glimpse of that awful and overpowering force which Science has described flowing through the universe, it is not surprising that men like Amiel—shrinking men, but of the finest type—should have come to feel that men were as leaves upon the mountain-top and counted for nothing in this vast and boundless universe. Ah, we need to have our faith reinforced in the permanence and the sovereignty of that Divine spark within us which outmeasures in value all the material things of earth. I sometimes think that our greatest peril is that of being smothered by the things we have made ourselves. You remember the Frenchman's criticism upon the repressed manner of the Englishman: that the drawing-rooms of the Englishman were so crowded that he could not move about in them freely without breaking something. The products of our skill are of such massive and commanding proportions that we are in danger, I sometimes think, of being dwarfed into insignificance by the magnitude of the works of our own hands. When the Greek stood in front of his Parthenon he had as a background a building immeasurably greater than himself, and yet that building was so ordered in its beauty, showed such intelligence in its construction and was so harmonious in its parts that it seemed, in spite of all its vastness, to be but the visible representation of the soul of the man who created it. This was the thought that occurred to me the other day, as I chanced to go along one of the streets of Chicago and saw a man standing in the doorway of a great building which towered twenty-five stories above him. Ah, the fate of this great country will be a melancholy one, it will be a sad outcome of that civilization which the Puritans, among others, planted with such heroic self-sacrifice and such lofty idealism,

if we as a people are smothered by the things that we have made with our own hands. Better a century of poverty, aye, better poverty to the very end of time, and an America with a soul in her, than an opulent America in which the spirit of the nation lies dead.

The Puritan lived in a world of realities. God was real to him; he was real to himself; and the devil was also real to him. I venture to say that, at the bottom, there were only two realities for the Puritan—God and himself. All other things were as shadows before him. Established institutions and monarchs, forests and seas, his hidden and savage foes, all these melted away in the breath of that mighty conviction of his that he existed and that he had power by the very reality of existence to make all the things that opposed him unreal and shadowy. After all, is not that the very essence of character? Is not that the very secret of power? Was not the Puritan's power of resistance due to his tremendous sense of his own individuality and to his reliance upon God? And is not the sublime ethical quality of the Puritan, that great controlling quality which he infused into our civilization, due to the fact that he held himself to be immeasurably greater than all the forces of evil that could be matched against him? The type of character of the early Puritan was one which not only resisted but overcame temptation, and drove it back into its own territory. That is also the type of the modern Puritan. We have an illustration of it in the career of one of the greatest of the sons of Puritans, James Russell Lowell. When, in the days of slavery, social influences were brought to bear upon him to secure his acquiescence, silence and good fellowship—when the temptation came to him as it came to so many other men—not only did he resist the temptation, but it summoned from him a new declaration of the principle that all men are born free and equal, and he gave utterance to those lyric cries of irony, wit and sarcasm which were worth an army of soldiers in the destruction of that great curse. When, at the close of the war, the advance of Materialism seemed to threaten the ideals that he had held for his country, his voice

again rang out, summoning his countrymen to return to their allegiance to the ideals which the Puritan had illustrated and sanctified. And in the very last days of his life, when we came to take up the question of the rights of the author in his own work, while many men were fumbling over questions of legal rights, that blade of his again flashed from its sheath and cut to the very heart of the subject when he said that "better than a cheap book is a book honestly come by."

I doubt not that some of you have seen that noble opera of "Parsifal" and have looked upon its beautiful scene of The Temptation. There is *Parsifal*; in his innocence he does not realize that the crucial hour has come; there is the woman who is to tempt him; there in the form of beautiful flower girls about him are the vices by which he is beset. In the voluptuous strains of the music you catch the meaning of that place, and the tremendous import of the struggle is apparent. By and by the young man's soul awakes to the consciousness of what it all means. He repels the temptation. When the enchanter finds that his blandishments are to be in vain, that he has encountered an unstainable and invincible human soul, he advances on the battlements of his castle and, taking that great spear in his hands, hurls it forth, hoping to smite by force the life which he cannot seduce by beguilement. When in that supreme hour *Parsifal* draws his sword from its scabbard and holds up the cross, instantly there is a sound like thunder, the spear hangs motionless and transfixed in air, and the castle that seemed immovable and everlasting sinks into ruins behind him, the flower girls who but a moment before were whirling about him in the dance of pleasure are scattered as the leaves are scattered by the breath of autumn, and nothing remains but an invincible human soul. This is a type of the Puritan's belief of his own conflict with life.

It followed from his faith in God and from his faith in himself that, to the Puritan, life became one great opportunity. A new heavens, a new sea, a new soil, a new country, a new social order, a new education, new foundations of government opened up before him because he had this invincible faith in

himself. And do we not in this find the meaning of our country? America, in spite of all that has been done, is not yet an achievement; it is an opportunity. America is not accomplishment; it is possibility. Much has been done—greater things must be done. Much has been achieved—sublimier things must be achieved. Otherwise the keynote to which the Puritan set his own civilization will never be struck by us in our final form. Who has measured this continent and who can foretell its future? What poet has ever yet sung of the races that are cradled here or of the collisions of their interests? Not many mornings ago, when I looked out into that great chasm into which the divided Niagara River pours its mighty flood, when I heard the thunder of that rush of waters, when I saw that mist rising eternally in the air, it seemed to me that I was looking not merely at a great phenomenon of nature, but at something which was a symbol of our own country—into which, as into a great basin, the streams of the races from all the world are pouring, with a tumult that seems at times to shake the continent, and the mist from it to obscure the heavens. Who has measured it? Who can predict its results, unless the spirit of the Puritan shall prevail and the sovereignty of man over himself, his weak nature and his many vices, be maintained?

The Puritan saw the world as an opportunity and made use of it as an opportunity; and therein we see the meaning of America. This country has presented, during the last quarter of a century, one of the most memorable illustrations the world has ever seen of what is meant by "opportunity," in the lifting up of a human life from obscurity to eminence. Not many months ago, coming down from the Senate chamber, at Washington, in company with two of the oldest members of that body, I listened to an account of Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Washington prior to his inauguration, after his hasty passage through Baltimore. Both of the gentlemen were members of the House of Representatives at the time referred to. They remembered the shock of dismay with which the news was received, and how Mr. Seward with his wonderful tact hurried

Mr. Lincoln up to the Capitol in order to efface an unfavorable impression, and began to introduce him to the Republican members of Congress. They remembered how they stood up on their seats to get a good look at the gaunt, uncouth form of Mr. Lincoln as he came on the floor of the House, and that they were filled with apprehension as they thought of the awful responsibility about to be devolved upon one who apparently was so little fitted by training and education for the position to which he had been called. They thought they had taken his measure, but you and I know how deceptive was the estimate that was then formed of Mr. Lincoln's worth. We know how, as the clouds gathered and darkened about him, he was little understood by the people who surrounded him. Gradually the members of his official family came to perceive in him the master spirit of them all; the leaders of his party began to understand that here was a man not only of infinite sympathy, but of the wisest statecraft; and his political enemies came to acknowledge that they discerned in his character something as rare and uncommon as it was grand and beautiful. Meanwhile he attracted to himself the confidence and love of the whole country. Then came that terrible blow which smote him. Then was accomplished the transformation of the uncouth lawyer of the frontier into the ideal of an admiring and reverential nation—a transformation the most marvelous that has occurred in the career of any public man in modern times. First, the clay model; then the plaster cast; then the finished marble—first, untutored vigor; then tempered strength; then a great human character with infinite depth of tenderness, marvelous power of patience and a patriotic devotion which neither war nor care nor sorrow could attenuate or lessen. When at last the oldest of American universities gathered to celebrate the memory of the country's great dead, and summoned the greatest of American poets to sing the sublime song which should give the key to the occasion, that poet could only make of the finest verse that has been written on this side of the Atlantic a pedestal for the statue of one whom he called "the first American." (Long-continued cheering.)

THE PRESIDENT then said :

Brethren, there are some sayings, some jokes, which, because they are repeated, do not deserve to be dubbed "chest-nuts." One of these is so characteristic of our New England forefathers that it never loses its flavor. It is like good champagne, which can be uncorked more than once and still not pall upon your palate. The saying that I refer to, and which is attributed to a witty New Englander, is that when our forefathers landed they "first fell upon their knees and then they fell upon the aborigines." In order to do the latter they early organized a war department and placed at the head of it Miles Standish. Now, great as is our regard for Miles Standish, we have to acknowledge that he was only an adopted New Englander; Massachusetts kindly accepted him. We have with us to-night a warrior—one at the head of the army of the greatest nation on earth (I will not say the greatest army on earth)—who is a genuine and pure New Englander, a Massachusetts man. I have the very great honor of introducing to you Gen. Nelson A. Miles, general of the army of the United States.

GEN. NELSON A. MILES' ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY :

I am gratified to have the honor of being present and meeting you on an occasion like this. This scene, the beautiful decorations of this hall, the flowers and vines, the odor of the pine and the cedar, bring back the sweet memories of our boyhood days, when we roamed in New England forests. All that has been said here to-night has served to awaken pleasant recollections, to revive grand inspirations, and to make me feel a greater pride in my ancestors and in my early associations.

It has been truly said here to-night that the sterling qualities that inspired our forefathers made their influence felt in the best elements of civilization on the continent of America. It required sterling qualities in those days to successfully block out such a civilization; it required the sturdiest, the best and strongest elements of our nature to impel the Puritans to cross the Atlantic and build their homes on the frigid shores of New England, to brave the adventures through which they passed and to encounter the dangers with which they were threatened not only from the climate, but from the original inhabitants and the wild beasts of the new land. They felled the forests and builded their homes there; they inspired their children with their own invincible spirit of fortitude, of industry and of truth—a spirit that has had its influence over this vast continent. They were a race of warriors, and our history has been in like degree one of war. Not only had they to contend with a savage foe, but the terrible Franco-Indian war, lasting sixty years, and it had hardly closed before your New England ancestors got up that “tea party” in Boston harbor and involved the Colonies in a war with the mother country. During that seven years of war our forefathers carved out a form of government more grand, more far-reaching and more beneficent than any form of government that had ever been established by human wisdom. Thirty years later the country became engaged in another war,—one which gave us a standing on the high seas and one in which the army and navy proved equal to the occasion,—the great battles on the lakes, on the seas and at New Orleans, establishing more firmly the republic on this continent. After an interval of little more than thirty years from the close of that war we entered upon another contest. I will not stop to discuss the righteousness of the cause of that war, but it is true that the army carried the banner of the United States to the home of the Montezumas in the City of Mexico. That was a grand achievement; the campaign was a brilliant one; and as a result of that war there were added to our territory those vast regions that have contributed so much to the wealth and prosperity of our country. Scarcely more than

twelve years later we became involved in another war. It was not the army or the navy that brought about that war or the one that preceded it, or that created the agitation that led to war. It is not the soldiers and sailors who bring about war, for they are the men who know what war is. However, the burdens, the responsibilities and the consequences of war are visited upon them. The army and navy, with the assistance of the heroic martial spirit of the great Northern States, carried on that great war for four years. The men who were at the forefront in that great struggle were not those who had instigated and encouraged a resort to arms, but they were the silent, thoughtful, patriotic young men who, when their country was in danger, quietly buckled on their swords and marched down to death as cheerfully as they would have marched to a festival. There are living to-day a million of veterans of that great war—men who know what war is—men who bore the brunt of the fight on many hard fought fields. In fact, there are to-day in this country many thousands—hundreds of thousands—of men who were eye-witnesses of battles more desperate than any ever seen by a like number of men on the face of the earth. Think of the colossal proportions of that contest—one hundred and ten thousand men killed in battle or died from effects of wounds received in action! Think of the fierce conflict on your own soil, which shook the hills of Gettysburg! You may well be proud of your State and of the valor of her sons when you can point to heroes like Meade, Reynolds, Hancock and McClellan.

When that terrible struggle ended, desolation and destruction had left their marks and scars upon a large section of the country. There was mourning in almost every household; we had seen so much of suffering that we felt the country would never again resort to war unless in a last extremity. We are now paying \$150,000,000 a year as an incident of that great war. Notwithstanding this, we now hear the cry, "On to war; let us have a war of some kind, no matter what it may be or what it costs." Yet in my opinion the thoughtful American people will never permit their country to become

involved in a war unless their cause be just. (Cheers.) When our honor is at stake, when our principles are jeopardized, when our country is in danger, there is no more question of our patriotism than there is of our honesty or our manhood. In America patriotism is a thing that is inborn in the individual; it is a part of our national life; and if our institutions should be attacked, our liberties endangered or our safety as a nation imperiled, we would have a force of twelve million men capable of bearing arms. But "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just;" and far distant be the day when we shall engage in war unless in our conscience we are fully justified in doing so. War means destruction, desolation, sacrifice and suffering as well as heroism, glory and conquest; and nations should never engage in war unless they are fully conscious that it is for the vindication of their rights and honor or for other sufficient and substantial reasons.

The art of war is one of the oldest of the arts, but the changes that have taken place, in the last thirty years, in the methods and implements of warfare have been marvelous. It takes now two or three years to build a battle-ship. It takes a year to construct the tools with which to manufacture a modern gun and another year to make the gun. A modern gun costs \$30,000, \$40,000 or \$50,000; the gun carriage \$15,000 or \$17,000; the emplacement, approximately stated, \$30,000. The total cost of a modern gun, with all its appliances and its ammunition, is in round figures \$100,000. You can form some idea of the power of one of the largest guns when you reflect that it will throw a ton of iron a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, or that it will propel the same mass through sixteen inches of the finest nickel steel that can possibly be manufactured, and will send it a mile beyond.

China, despite her huge population of four hundred millions, was overcome by her little neighbor whom she despised, because Japan had equipped herself with the modern appliances of warfare, and learned how to handle them. • With but one-tenth or one-twelfth of the numbers of her adversary, Japan destroyed the navy which opposed her, closed the principal

ports of her enemy, and brought the Chinese Empire to its knees. These results were not only accomplished speedily, but with comparatively little loss of life. Do you know how many lives were lost on the part of the Japanese? Not as many as were lost in some of the brigades in our own great war. The total was 6,40 killed. These figures may seem to you a little strange, but their correctness is shown by the official report. China was compelled to apologize and to accept the conditions offered to her. What is Japan doing now? Is she taking that approximately \$200,000,000 of indemnity and having a good time with it? No; she is simply placing it as a credit in the Bank of England, and buying more guns and ships. Not a dollar of it is being spent for anything else. That nation appreciates the value of modern guns and modern ships, and realizes that to them the Japanese Government is indebted for its recent triumph.

As I have said, the horrors of the last great war made such an impression upon us that we felt we would never want to go to war again, but that international questions ought to be arbitrated. Arbitration is good where both parties are afraid; but what about arbitration if one is aware of his superiority and determined to have his own way, while the other is timid, weak and defenseless? Do you arbitrate in matters of business, when you think you have an advantage over your neighbor or have put up "a corner" on him? Would to God that arbitration could be the prevailing rule in all the different contentions in the affairs of life. As honorable, thoughtful, just and humane beings we ought to arbitrate, but we cannot always make the other man agree to do it.

We are not acting wisely in neglecting the admonition of Washington, "In time of peace prepare for war." That is what we have not done. For thirty years we have disregarded that wise advice. The little army that we now have is of the same size that it was twenty-five years ago, when our population numbered thirty-five millions less than it does at the present time. Besides that, our wealth increases more rapidly than does our population. In my judgment, the army and

navy, as a safeguard for the country and as a bulwark for our Government, should grow as the nation grows, unless we are disposed to see our country, at some time, humiliated as China was. I do not think there is any danger of the army and navy bringing about war or jeopardizing the liberties or institutions of our people; and, as prudent, judicious men are accustomed to guard their treasures in vaults or banks or behind strong locks, I think it would be only prudent and judicious for the nation to take like precautionary measures for the public safety. Here in this city your enormous wealth has been accumulating for two or three hundred years, and the Government has been spending millions of dollars to open your waterway to the ocean and thereby to increase your commerce. That commerce now amounts to about \$400,000,000 per year. Yet there has never been a modern gun placed in position to protect the city of Philadelphia. For the last twenty-five years there has not been a soldier placed in position to protect the city of Philadelphia. Your Fort Delaware down here was abandoned in 1870, twenty-five years ago, and there have been no soldiers there since. The same may be said of other cities along the coast. A few days ago I was down at Savannah. There the Government has been spending, in the last seven years, three or four millions of dollars to open the waterway to that city. During that time the navigation has been improved by an increase in the depth of from fourteen to twenty-six feet, and the commerce has increased there from \$50,000,000 to \$150,000,000. The same that may be said of Philadelphia is true also of Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston and all those great cities. In my judgment, it would be wise for your Representatives to appropriate sufficient money to at least guard your gates to save the coast from being plundered in a time of war, or to put a lock on your door to prevent the possibility of your cities being burned or put under tribute—and to do this not as an offensive measure, but as one of safety and one dictated by prudence. When that is done you will have less cause to regard the future with apprehension, and you may rely upon the army and the navy, upon their fortitude, their heroism,

their willingness to sacrifice life, if need be, to protect your interests, your property, your homes, your welfare and your lives. Then should war come we may be better prepared for it. I hope it may be far in the future, and that the day may be far distant when we shall " rally again for a harvest of death, and a reaping of men."

"THE PILGRIM IN NEW YORK."

THE PRESIDENT said :

Brethren, it was only sixteen years after the landing at Plymouth Rock that our forefathers levied a tax, or made an appropriation equal to the tax of a whole year, for the purpose of founding a university. The amount appropriated was £400. It was increased shortly afterwards by John Harvard, who gave £700 more and his library. So early did the Puritans—"bigoted" as they are accustomed to be called—show a disposition to bring up others in a way that should dispel bigotry. And it was but a few years later that Connecticut, probably following the example of Massachusetts, established at Seabrooke a college which eventually grew to be the great University of Yale. We have with us a Yale graduate and, as I am told, quite a number of them—in fact, what New England college is there that is not represented here?—but the gentleman to whom I refer has the peculiar qualification of being not only a New Englander from New Hampshire and a graduate of Yale, but a resident of New York City, and able to give us an idea of how the Pilgrims resident in that great metropolis are regarded from the New England standpoint. I have particular gratification in now presenting to you Hon. Henry E. Howland, of New York.

ADDRESS BY HON. HENRY E. HOWLAND.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :

It is natural that a descendant of the Pilgrims should, as his name implies, be something of a wanderer, when he is

in search of a celebration. The cultivated Bostonian comes occasionally to New York, as he says, for intellectual rest, and you find the New York Pilgrim nothing loath to indulge in choicest fare and the best society, and requiring no second invitation to bring him to your hospitable board.

As I look at the company here present, whose intelligent eyes, as Mr. Rufus Choate used to say to his juries, I have the honor to catch, I have a feeling of pleasurable wonder that circumstances have allowed me to be present, for it is related in "Bradford's History of the Plymouth Colony" that, "as the Mayflower lay at Hull in a mighty storm, a lusty young man, called John Howland, coming upon some occasion above the gratings, was with a seele of the ship thrown into the sea, but it pleased God that he caught hold of the topsail hailiards which hung overboard and ran out at length, yet he held his hold, though he was sundry fathoms under water, till he was hauled by the same rope to the brime of the water and then with a boathook and other means got into the ship again and his life saved, and he lived many years after and became a profitable member both in Church and Commonwealth."

Had it been otherwise, and that boathook hadn't got a hold on Plymouth Rock pants of good, honest English cloth, with no shoddy in it, the pleasure of appearing before you this evening would have been denied me.

The position here is an embarrassing one to a modest man with no flow of eloquence or words of wisdom, who is unqualified to represent the society that sends, or to entertain the one that receives, him; and the situation may prove to be like that at a country prayer-meeting where the pastor was absent and two deacons, Squire Underwood and Deacon Craig, took charge of the meeting. "If Deacon Craig will open the meeting," said the Squire, "I will close it." "If Squire Underwood will open the meeting, it will close itself," was the reply.

One has shrewdly said that when a man's talk is mainly of his ancestors, you may know that the best of the family is underground. That is keen, but it isn't true when retrospect teaches humility and excites emulation. With their high

deals and stern sense of duty our forefathers would, if it were possible for them to revisit the earth, approve of many acts of their heroic sons, but it is doubtful if we could improve upon them as a study to model character and life upon.

One could not do better than to follow the advice which would naturally have been given to a young poet who said, "I don't know whether I had better read 'Hamlet' once more or write something myself," and advise reliance upon the highest standards.

Our descent is our patent of nobility. We none of us excite the public interest that attaches to the young descendant of John Churchill and Sarah Jennings who has just left our shores with his recent acquisitions.

We are considered rather a young people, with no ancestry to speak of, in the presence of those nations which have got their Middle Ages behind them, and though we may assume a respectable age, we are not unlike the small boy who said to his sister during a violent thunder-shower, "Didn't we have such a storm as this when I was a boy?" "Yes," said she: "this was the storm." But our title is older than either side of that noble house.

At the time the Mayflower sailed Shakespeare had just died; while the Pilgrims were at Leyden, Cromwell was just twenty-one; Namur, Ramilles, Malplaquet and Blenheim were not to be fought for nearly one hundred years, and many a proud English and French title had yet to be created to distinguish some obscure soldier or royal favorite, and the strain of blood from those who, without royal protection or favor, founded a great nation standing in the forefront of Christian civilization is purer than that of the half-savage soldiers of William the Conqueror, who became by the favor of their king the foundation of the nobility of England.

Who were these men? They were Huguenot, English, Scotch, Irish, with the sinews of the men of Harlem and Leyden. They were the product of centuries of preparation for a great work. It has been said that occasion may be the bugle call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of a

bugle can never make soldiers or win victories. In the providence of God there is a long interval between seedtime and harvest. It required centuries of abuse to produce a Calvin, a Melancthon and a Luther. The French Revolution was the natural result of the extravagances and grinding oppressions of a long line of kings, and the spirit of liberty, though distorted in the agony of its birth, has lived in spite of interruptions, and inspired many a tribune of the people, as has been eloquently said by Dr. Stryker, "until the old order of things is changed and all Europe is seething with its influence."

The Puritan was the evolution through many years, of the spirit that stood for pureness of public law, of religious ceremonial, of private life, which, in the name of the rights of God and the rights of man, clamored with divers tongues and in many lands. Though deprived, defamed, proscribed, they were the staunchest upholders of the crown after the English Reformation. It took them sixty years to learn how brittle is a royal oath. The dalliance with Spain, which ended in the destruction of the proud Armada, found them the surest buttresses of the throne. From Peter Wentworth, in the Commons in 1572, down through Elliot and Hampden and Pym, their voice sounded out for higher law than prerogative, in spite of bonds, mutilations, star-chamber inquisitions and death, until Cromwell came, whose work Guizot sums up as "the downfall of absolute monarchy, the assured preponderance of the Commons and the permanence of religious freedom." In the words of Hume, himself a Tory, "It is to the Puritan alone that England owes the whole freedom of her constitution." That is the blood of which we boast.

When, during the war, it was suggested by doubtful patriots that a new Union should be found and New England left out, and when now, in the government of municipalities, the Puritan spirit is denounced by the advocates of unbridled license, and a continental instead of a Puritan Sunday, it seems as if the same mistake was made as in the case of the headmaster of a school where the English system of flogging prevailed. On a Saturday morning the delinquents were called

up to be flogged. One of the boys asked, "What am I to be flogged for, sir?" "I don't know, but your name is down on the list, and I shall have to go through with it," and the flogging was administered. The boy made such a fuss that the master, after looking through the list to see if there had not been some mistake, found that he had whipped the Confirmation class.

The story of the Pilgrim, with its simple record of devotion to duty, courage, endurance and tragedies, reads like an epic of old Greek civilization. If I should even attempt to epitomize it, I should fear to be as that minister who ended his sermon, "Brethren, I have had a great subject, but it has caved in on me." Read in the light of what they have produced and in the spirit of sympathy which appreciates and enjoys the religious and civil liberty we inherit, it is fitted beyond most uninspired records to kindle exalted ideas of citizenship and to stimulate young and old to self-denying service of our country and mankind.

We know the story of Scroobey and Amsterdam and Leyden, "that fair and beautiful city with a sweete situation," as the old chronicler has it, of Delft Haven, the struggles on the wild Atlantic, with a voyage twice begun (let their luxurious descendants who find the comforts of the White Star Line inadequate to assuage the distress of a sea voyage imagine what it must have been to those hundred and two souls on that leaky old craft of 160 tons, and all that furniture on board, on a three months' voyage to an unknown destination, ending among the shoals and reefs of Cape Cod in midwinter); we know the terrors of wild beasts and ambushed foes; the sturdy manhood which courted loneliness and defied starvation and death, esteeming loyalty to God and to conscience above all other ambitions; the tragedy of the first winter when half their number perished, and their graves were ploughed level with the soil, that no enemy should discover their weakness; the Colony five times decimated. Imagine their worship on that sand spit on Massachusetts Bay in the open air and the wintry weather! It reminds one of the story of the Rev. Hadley Proctor, of Rutland, Vermont. One

Sunday, when the church was inadequately warmed, having finished a rather hot sermon, he leaned over the pulpit and spoke to the deacon, saying, in a voice audible to the congregation ; " Deacon Griggs, do, pray, see that this church is properly warmed this afternoon. There is no use of my preaching to sinners of the dangers of hell when the whole idea of hell is a comfort to them."

And still they held their way and wedded and wept and worshiped and fought, until under God's providence defeat was changed into victory, the wilderness into a garden, and the humble Plymouth Colony became the beginning of one of the great nations of the earth, whose people

" Have seen the sparks of empire fly
Beyond the mountain bars,
Till glittering o'er the western wave
They joined the sunset stars,
And ocean trodden into paths
That trampling giants ford,
To find the planet's vertebræ
And sink its spinal cord."

The Pilgrim in New York is a modification of his ancestors, the result of changed conditions and environment. If he remained unmodified he would be line-stone. He finds many things there that his ancestors ran away from in 1620. Religious liberty has developed into too much liberty, and there is a new order of things more displeasing. The men whose character, ability and principle formerly gave them position and influence have yielded to those whose Midas touch turns everything to gold, and who have diverted the stream of Pactotus into their coffers. The old Pilgrim would find statesmen of the order of the Senator who declared last week, with barbaric delight, in Congress, that he was for war and free silver—whose panacea for public ills is that of the demagogue, the Populist and the Socialist.

The Pilgrims of Plymouth Colony who are too often confounded with the Puritans of Massachusetts Colony, those who settled near Boston, and were, as Tom Appleton used to say,

the "east-wind-made" flesh, had some advantages to mould their character from the circumstances with which they were surrounded.

Their life in Holland, then the center of the world's commerce, their association with that brave people who wrested their land from the sea, who defied the power of Philip the Second, who starved and fought and cut their dykes, giving back to the ocean the land which they refused to surrender to the Spaniard, had widened their vision and broadened their character beyond the possibilities of a narrow Puritan England. Brewster and Carver, Standish and Bradford, under the lead of their gentle pastor, Robinson, were men of larger mould than those who came later and were guilty of some acts of offensive partisanship. The Pilgrims were tolerant and burned no witches. They did not regard all other than themselves as brands for the bonfire of the lost, which should forever celebrate the triumph and enhance the gayety of the saved. They gave harbor to Roger Williams in his exile, shared their last sack of meal with those who came later, paid all their debts in London and lived in amity and peace with their Indian neighbors.

The contrast was marked between their entertainment of Massasoit and his sixty warriors, at a royal feast lasting several days, and that Thanksgiving at Salem for which, as the record has it, "one Pequod, an Indian, did furnish the deer and bear's flesh, but it came to the ears of the elders that it had been killed on the Lord's day; whereupon they did order that Pequod should return the price thereof and be beaten with forty stripes for his grievous sin, and thereafter, rather than the Lord's substance should be wasted, they did eat thereof with much enjoyment, save Deacon Griggs, who was ill at ease on the subject of killing on the Lord's day."

They were helpful to their neighbors in distress, not after the fashion of the modern version of the good Samaritan, who, giving threepence to the innkeeper, said, "Take care of him and when I return I will repay thee," and this he said knowing he would not pass that way again; and their courage differed

from that of the Irishman, who, when accused of running under fire, remarked, "I would rather be a coward five minutes than be dead all my life." And the figure of speech of the west country clergyman who described Mother Church "as standing with one foot firmly planted upon the earth, while the other pointed towards heaven," however it may fit the modern conduct of the church, would not apply to the institution they founded.

From this stock, Pilgrim and Puritan,—for, in spite of some overzeal on the part of the latter, they were all one people,—came the enterprise, energy, industry and courage that has made the name of America the proudest on the globe.

But their work is not done. We know, and none better than those who live in New York, the evils that threaten the State. We have been through many trials and vicissitudes. The standards there are various, and it seems to some of us that wealth has too prominent a place as one. We find that experience is the best teacher there as elsewhere, whether in professional, business or social life, as was illustrated by the stranger in Wall Street, who said to a broker, "I want to invest in stocks; how can I tell those that are no good?" "By buying them," was the reply. Contact with our fellow-men gives us an insight into their character and teaches us what to imitate and what to avoid.

"Elnathan," said a teacher to a boy in the primary class in arithmetic, if your father should borrow from you \$100 and agree to pay you at the rate of \$10 a week, how much would he owe you at the end of seven weeks?" "One hundred dollars, was the prompt reply." "Elnathan, I am afraid you don't know your arithmetic," said the teacher. "I may not know my arithmetic, but I know my father," said the boy.

Politics, policy and money, rather than principle, seem to guide in public affairs, and, unlike our forefathers, there seems to be no common ground for public men to stand upon.

The man who was asked if he understood French and replied, "I do when I speak it myself," had a standard of his own. And with that of the majority of our public men the

outcome is as bewildering as the clock of which the owner said, "When the hands of the clock stand at twelve, and it strikes two, then I know it is twenty minutes to seven."

But we need not despair. The spirit of the Puritan has never been mustered out of the service. It stood for us on Lexington Green and at Concord Bridge; it clubbed its muskets at Bunker Hill; it endured at Valley Forge and charged at Yorktown. It throbbed in the heart of Nathan Hale on the scaffold, of Colonel Shaw on the ramparts of Fort Wagner, of Lieutenant Cushing in his unparalleled deed of daring, and of the hundreds of thousands who died with the down soft upon their cheeks on the battle-fields of their country. It was illustrated in the character of that great silent soldier who led our armies to victory and in that of the great American, the martyred President,

Who made by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys
To mould a mighty State's decrees
And shape the whisper of the throne.

That spirit has made this country great. The strong, calm, enduring, brave and steadfast Anglo-Saxon stuff that for principle and faith will shed its blood and doesn't fear to die, and it will be its main reliance as in the past, through centuries to come,

'Till the waves of the bay
Where the Mayflower lay
Shall foam and freeze no more.

"THE PURITAN CONSCIENCE."

THE PRESIDENT said:

Brethren, it is said that the great Napoleon, when he led his army over the plains of Egypt, harangued them, saying, "Soldiers, from the heights of those Pyramids forty centuries look down upon you." I feel to-night as though not forty centuries, but three or four Presidents, look down upon me. I have on either side of me gentlemen who have served you

in the most distinguished manner as Presidents of this Society ; and I regret that all of our living Presidents are not here. We miss especially one of them to-night. Having sat as long as I have at the feet of him whom you are now to have the pleasure of hearing, I know that I speak the sentiments of every New Englander here when I say that we rejoice, above all things, once more to listen to our beloved Dr. Wayland.

ADDRESS BY REV. H. L. WAYLAND, D.D.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-PILGRIMS :

Why do we celebrate the landing upon our shores of a little body of plain men and women? Almost every day one of the gigantic steamers of the International Navigation Company land, at Castle Garden—not at Front and Christian, owing to circumstances upon which I will not dilate—one or two thousand pilgrims from Italy or Ireland or Hungary, who make their way at once to the Naturalization Office, stopping on the road to ask the time of day, that they may give an accurate reply when the Judge asks them how long they have been in the country. And yet we do not celebrate their landing.

The men who landed two hundred and seventy-five years ago to-day, or thereabouts, had a character all their own. One thing distinguished them from all the men of their time. Were they brave? Rupert and Claverhouse were brave. Were they energetic and able? So was Strafford. Were they sincere? Well, I suppose Laud was sincere in his phenomenally small, narrow-minded way. Certainly he had not mind enough to be double-minded. What distinguished these men was that they had a conscience, or rather that conscience was supreme. They had an intelligent conscience ; they had a Puritan conscience. In using this term, I do not make any distinction between the Puritan and the Pilgrim ; between the Puritan of the Old World and of the New. I speak of the body of men, under whatever skies, who have had certain great moral convictions.

These men knew that there is a right and that there is a wrong ; that some things are distinctively right, and that others are as distinctively wrong ; and that it is not in the power of Omnipotence to transfer acts and motives from the one column to the other, and that what is right is always to be followed, and that what is wrong is always to be shunned and to be put down.

These men were not indifferent to the beauty and sweetness of life. Compare the pure affection which glowed in the rugged log huts that rose one after another by the side of Plymouth Bay with the coarse, gross, beastly animalism that formed the very atmosphere of the court of Charles II.!

They were not unmindful of culture. The school and the college grew up beside the church. If you look through the documents in the County Court House at Plymouth, and read the inventories of the estates of the early settlers, you will be surprised to see how largely their little property consisted of books.

But the supreme thing was conscience. It was conscience which impelled the little church in Scrooby to brave the authority of king and bishop, meeting in a stable with a door open on either hand, so that, from whatever direction the constable came, they might escape in the other. It was conscience which urged them, amid great hardships, to embark for Holland, at the risk of losing all their possessions, and being driven by the winds, as some of them were, to the coast of Norway. It was conscience that led them to abandon their safe and comfortable home in Holland, in which they failed to find congenial religious surroundings, and to embark on the Atlantic, not knowing where they would cast anchor or where set their weary feet. It was conscience which strengthened them to *hold on* when the grass of the next April was green over the graves of half their number. There was no romance about this ; there was none of the enthusiasm which sometimes contagiously kindles in the blood of the most sluggish and timid ; there was nothing of what the Southern poet O'Harra calls 'the rapture of the fight ;' it was only prosaic endurance of hardship, of cold and hunger

and loneliness and danger. But, oh, the divineness of that holding on ! Oh, the glory of that holy doggedness, which Dr. Parkhurst, a Puritan of a later day, has eulogized and illustrated ! If it had not been for that sublime holding on ; if they had not, by holding on, achieved the impossible and conquered the insuperable, there would have been no New England, no Boston, no Bunker Hill, no baked beans, no brown bread, no Ben Franklin and—shall I not say ?—no America !

This *holding on* begot a like quality in their descendants in the next century and the century following, which carried them through the two great wars, one of which created America, and the other re-created it.

Out of this intelligent Puritan conscience came a recognition of the nearness of God and of the essential equality of all human souls. Since Right was supreme, Wealth gave no standing, Learning no authority, Age or Antiquity no supremacy, for Right was the oldest thing. Hence came individual liberty. He who was obeying God who had spoken to him through conscience, felt that it was not for man to control him. He held to the highest liberty.

An unintelligent conscience might lead to persecution, might be a curse to the world ; but an intelligent conscience realized that other men no less had a conscience, and that they, too, were entitled to its exercise. Unenlightened conscience made the Crusaders and Stonewall Jackson.

But persecution was an *incident* in the life of the Puritans which they soon outgrew. It was contrary to their essential spirit ; it was a stain upon a great field of snow ; and, with the advance of time, the descendants of the Puritans have become all over the world the guardians of liberty, civil and religious. Hume, who may certainly be trusted when he speaks in favor of the Puritans, says " the precious spark of liberty had been kindled, and was preserved by the Puritans alone ; " it was to this sect that the English owed the whole freedom of their constitution. The greatest of the Puritans, the greatest man who ever trod the soil of England, never persecuted, even when possessed of absolute power. Under the Protectorate,

Anglican, Jew, Romanist, dwelt secure and unmolested ; and it is stated on good authority that just before his fatal sickness, Oliver was inquiring of his counselors whether the time had not come for giving to all men yet larger liberty of public worship. The great ruler of France, it is true, never persecuted. He was the first to give religious liberty to the Jews in Germany ; and in 1802 he restored to the Huguenots all that they had lost by the infamous revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But I am afraid that with him it was rather a sense of the folly of all religious scruples, and of the unwisdom of exiling and imprisoning men who might render good service to the army and the State ; but I believe that Oliver in this, as in everything else, had a conscience.

That the Puritan conscience made men brave was attested thirty-six years ago, when the descendant of Peter Brown, one of the Mayflower company, whose name is on the immortal Compact, attacked with forty men the gigantic system of slavery, and then looked upon the gallows as one might look upon the glories of a May morning.

Promoting all the great qualities of manhood, it is not surprising that the Puritan conscience, on a large scale, creates nations. It quickens the intelligent and honest industry which is the life-blood of prosperity. Why, Mr. President, do the matchless creations of the Baldwin Locomotive Works go to every part of the world ? why are steamers at one of our wharves now loading with forty locomotives and tenders for the dominions of the Czar ? It is because the world recognizes in the workmanship that is put into them the traces of the Puritan conscience. And these locomotives mean not alone a profit coming to American inventors and creators ; they express not alone industrial resources : they are the pioneers of liberal thought : they are a contribution to civilization ; they promote the inter-communication between different parts of the great northern empire and between it and the outside world which makes it impossible for Russia to remain unaffected by the progress of mankind.

In the long run, material prosperity comes from moral integrity. Providence has set before the whole world a sublime object-lesson in the two nations—the Puritan and the Cavalier—which stand separated from each other by the silver streak which we call the Straits of Dover. On the one hand is a land, large in territory, with a climate and soil adapted to every production; inhabited by a people quick, inventive, brave, among whose rulers have been men of pre-eminent genius. On the other hand is an island shut in by four seas, which rarely sees the sun, whose soil in vain courts the grape and the olive. For the one land, Providence has done everything; for the other, little. And yet the Puritan island has been untrodden for these many centuries by the foot of an enemy, while the Cavalier capital three times within our century has seen a foreign force pitching its tents on her pleasure ground. The author of "Social Evolution" states that in 1789 the population of Great Britain was 9,600,000, while that of France was 26,300,000. In 1890 the English-speaking peoples of the world, not including subject-peoples or aborigines or colored, were 101,000,000, and the French-speaking people were 40,000,000. The same writer quotes an eminent French journal as saying that "within a century hence there will be ten men speaking English for every one speaking French." Another French journal says, "If the present conditions continue, France within half a century will have fallen below Italy, and Spain to the rank of a second-rate power."

I have often tried to imagine what might have come about if the greatest genius of modern times, whose life was for twenty years the history of Europe, had but been endowed with a Puritan conscience. If he had learned at his mother's knees that there is a right and that there was a wrong, and that the wrong is to be abhorred and the right is to be defended, he would have devoted his unparalleled powers to making France the freest and the happiest of lands; he would have spoken the word that would have made Italy free from the Alps to the Gulf of Taranto; he would have called Poland from the tomb of dead nations; he would have engaged in no wanton war.

History might, indeed, not have told the story of Austerlitz and Friedland and Borodino; but neither would it have recorded the agonies of Leipsic, the retreat from Russia, the twice-repeated abdication, and Elba and St. Helena; and, a generation later, an impostor, false in descent as he was false in character, would not have left the Napoleonic tradition stripped of the last vestige of its glory. But there was no conscience. France had murdered conscience on the eve of St. Bartholomew.

Would something of the Puritan conscience be out of place among ourselves? It seems to be a fad in literature to reverse the judgments of history. Our ingenious writers pride themselves upon showing that the bad men of former days were not so very bad; in fact, that they were rather good than otherwise. The German theologians have relieved Judas Iscariot of any odium that attached to his name. Henry VIII. stands before us as a man of delightful domestic character, who never beheaded or divorced his wives—unless he wanted to very much. I am in daily expectation of seeing it demonstrated that the late Jefferson Davis was a man devoid of ambition, an ardent lover of peace and an enthusiast in his devotion to the American Union.

And have we not, in our public and private affairs, substituted a lax, flabby, easy-going good nature for the justice that formed a part of the Puritan conscience? Last year, Mr. President, in America nine thousand eight hundred men were murdered, and of the murderers not more than two hundred suffered death at the hands of justice. This number of murders was an increase of thirty-three per cent. over the previous year. A similar increase for the year to come would make thirteen thousand murders. On behalf of these thirteen thousand innocent men, now pursuing their peaceful avocations, but destined to death at the hands of murderers during the coming year, I plead for more of the Puritan conscience, the Puritan justice, in our administration of government.

Pardon me, Mr. President, if I have presented too dark a view, if there has been an absence of the lightness becoming

the hour. But I assure you it is not my fault. It is the fault of the facts.

But do not think that I for a moment despair. The Puritan conscience is in fellowship with the great souls of all time. It lays its hand in the hand of Coligny, and of Calvin, and of Gustavus, and of Parkhurst, and of Roosevelt, and of George Curtis, and of Lowell, and of Lincoln, and of Gladstone, and of Bright; and, with these immortals, it marches on to a sure and, perhaps, not far-distant victory for righteousness.

The Puritan conscience will not suffer that two nations, kindred in blood and faith and institutions, which ought unitedly to lead the advance of the human race toward higher civilization and complete brotherhood, should engage in a war which would be the calamity and crime of the century and of modern times.

"THE PILGRIMS FROM ULSTER."

THE PRESIDENT said:

Among the societies to which we feel more strongly drawn than to others, there is one, the Scotch-Irish Society, which numbers on its list Pilgrims as eminent as those whom we delight to honor. We have with us to-night a gentleman who not only represents that society, but, on one side of his descent, is a stern and sturdy New Englander. We shall now hear, as to the Pilgrims from Ulster, from our friend, Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook.

ADDRESS BY REV. H. C. MCCOOK, D.D., Sc.D.

MR. PRESIDENT:

Perhaps the most discreet and acceptable words which I could utter at this hour of the evening would be those which often fall upon the ears of Congressmen, "The gentleman has leave to print his remarks." Certainly this would be the most agreeable course for your speaker, were it not that he feels he ought to thank you for the cordial reception which you have

given him as the representative of your sister organization, the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania. Indeed, the fact that he is here to speak on this occasion is a striking compliment accorded by a Pilgrim of New England to at least the readiness in speech of the Pilgrims from Ulster.

It was only Saturday evening that Mr. Converse, your President, called at my study to inform me that I was expected to speak at the New England banquet on Monday night. As President of the Scotch-Irish Society I was an invited guest, and expected to come and enjoy my repast in that peaceful spirit which all diners-out possess who have not before them the prospect of a speech. My protest of inability was gently waved aside, and, with that placid and forceful manner which is characteristic of our friend, the query was put :

“What do you think will be your subject on that occasion?”

“Subject, sir!” was the response. “I have not even dreamed of a speech until this moment; and with all my Sabbath preparations upon me, under peculiarly trying circumstances, I shall not even be able to think of a subject until Monday.”

“Do you think,” was the unruffled reply, “that ‘The Pilgrims from Ulster’ would do for a theme?”

“Admirably well,” I said; “as good as any other.”

“Very well, then,” said he; “let that be the subject, and you can talk about what you please.”

So we parted with the understanding, on my part, that I was simply to make a little response of courtesy,—in a few words acknowledging the kindly relations between the two societies,—and express my thanks in such brief, graceful terms as I might for the honor of this recognition. Imagine my feelings when, on turning up the table card before my place, I found my name printed in full among the regular speakers to make a formal response to a formal toast!

Gentlemen, that peculiar quality which is known as “check” has sometimes been considered, if not a specialty, at least a largely developed characteristic, of the sons of Ireland. If I may be permitted to say it without offense, the Pilgrims

from New England for once have proved themselves, in the person of their inimitable, incomparable and invincible President, to have demonstrated their superiority to the Pilgrims from Ulster. What! make a New England dinner speech on such notice?

But let me soothe my embarrassment by reflecting upon the manifest compliment thus paid to the race which I represent.

My meditation at this table, as I have been seeking to corral my errant thoughts for an address, have been running along lines of the likeness between the Yankee and the Scotch-Irish Pilgrims. These likenesses are certainly striking, as they have been illustrated here this evening. For example, Irishmen and wit are inseparably associated. There seems to be something in the ardent atmosphere of the Green Isle which operates upon the nerves and emotions, or whatever faculties or organization may be the seeding center of wit, which quickens the sense of humor and brightens the capacity to give forth and enjoy the merry and absurd phases of life. In that field, at least, the Irishman has been thought to be without a peer; but the demonstrations of this evening have shown his precedence to be in danger.

We have listened with amazement to the outbursts of humor that have "set the table in a roar," emanating from the New England Pilgrim Judge Howland, who admits that he has found a resting-place within the shades of that overgrown rural suburb of ours on Manhattan Island, whose honored function is to act as agent for the sale of Philadelphia manufactures. Amidst the shouts of merriment and applause Goldsmith's reference to the wonder of the villagers of Auburn at the vast wisdom of their parson was recalled:

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
How Howland's head could carry all he knew
Of jokes and quips,
Which from his lips
Like winter snowflakes gayly flew.

I will not vouch for the accuracy of the quotation, but the sentiment, at least, is substantially correct.

Another unexpected likeness between the two groups has developed. While listening to your eulogies of New England, her founders and her defenders, I have felt myself somewhat in the position of the late Archbishop Hughes, of New York, when called upon to speak at a New England dinner. "Gentlemen," he said, "we have no Plymouth Rock in Ireland. We have, however, a stone that is somewhat notorious, but which, until this evening, I had never thought to associate with America. I cannot find it in my mind to make a speech; but, sirs, I propose this toast: Plymouth Rock, the Blarneystone of New England!" Verily, whatever the Pilgrim Fathers may have done, the Pilgrim Sons seem to have kissed the Blarneystone. Almost every noble quality has been attributed to their ancestors here to-night, directly or by implication. If any worthy deed that the sons or daughters of humanity have wrought has not been equaled or surpassed by them, these postprandial utterances have given no evidence of the fact.

Great is the Pilgrim of New England! In short, there is nothing about the Pilgrim, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, from the core of his soul to the utmost periphery of his imagination, which has not been said to be incomparably superior, with one single exception—the Pilgrim's hat!

I am somewhat surprised at that, for [pointing to the ample models of hats which had been used as vases surrounding the table and filled with flowers] that peculiar property of the Pilgrim is happily in evidence to-night. Like everything else about the Puritan, his hat is immense, not only in its towering peak that points toward the heavens, but in its broadened brim, which overshadows so much of the earth.

Permit me to congratulate your committee upon the felicity of these decorations, particularly these typical hats. To be sure, it is not likely that the Pilgrims were accustomed to use them in the manner here displayed, with the brim upward, unless it may be that an occasional "collection" was taken up therein. Moreover, nobody would probably be so surprised

and so aghast as the Pilgrims themselves were they to behold their vast and venerable head-covering converted into a vase for flowers. Yet surely this is a parable of a most happy fact. Flowers were not overabundant in the Puritan character or the Puritan life. It cannot be so said of the Puritan land, for there is no feature of her landscape so attractive to the senses as the flowers that bloom among her rocks and brighten the face of the ground in her meadows and along the banks of her running streams. But the Pilgrims of to-day are happier far in that regard, for the old Puritan hat has fairly broken forth into bloom.

The seeds of sweetness were sown in the long ago, and in all that relates to beauty of character, to grace of life, to that culture which marks society and character in the close of this century, New England has won a typical place. Indeed, the very word culture wins one's thoughts at once to the Hub of New England, yonder on Massachusetts Bay. We have no cause to deplore this; and could the Pilgrims themselves emerge from the realms of the dead and sit among us to-night in a body, as they may do in spirit for all we know, no doubt they would grasp the situation and be as glad and genial as the rest of us in the knowledge that the hard conditions which environed them, and which gave no time for aught but the rude necessities of life, have not befallen their descendants. There is no incongruity between the grit and strength of New England's grandeur and the grace and beauty of New England culture. Long may they both abide, and abide in inseparable union! Thus shall they be the pillars of a gracious prosperity—like Jachin and Boaz, the two pillars at the beautiful gate of the temple of which it was written, "On the top of the pillars was lily work."

There is yet another likeness between the New England Pilgrims and the Pilgrims of Ulster which has occurred to me here. Ireland's soil, at least the Ulster part thereof, is not rich soil; not quite so inhospitable, to be sure, as that of New England, but enough so to justify the comparison between the two. When I was a boy, living among the fat hills of Ohio, a New

England had from the Connecticut Reserve just north of us would once in awhile drift down to Columbiana County. We used to twit him about the poverty of New England soil; and one of the jokes particularly pungent to boyhood's fancy was that they had to sharpen the noses of the sheep in New England so that they might be able to pick up a living from the scanty grass that grew among the rocks. Yankee land has no natural exports, it was urged, except granite and ice. They can raise nothing there without careful and abundant fertilization. You have got to fertilize the soil even to raise a hill of Boston baked beans! "Why," quoth the Buckeye humorist, "they will have to fertilize the graveyards there even to raise the dead!" Judging from the troops of the glorious dead who have been raised around this table to-night, this speaker at least suspects that the brain-soil from which these icons have come must have been far more thoroughly fertilized than his own. What special fertilizer the gentlemen have used it it would be worth while to know;—perhaps only fish and baked beans! At all events, New England, like Ulster, has been a great country in the output of the noblest products of any land—its men and women. It was not the soil of Holland that made Holland great, but the Dutchmen who dwelt therein, and who, indeed, created the soil from without the province of Neptune, and shut it in and secured it by sea walls. It was not its soil that made Scotia the ancestral land of the Scotch-Irish. Her granite hills and treeless, heathered moors are even more inhospitable than the rockbound coast of New England. It is the men and women of the land of oat cakes and heather and the "Shorter Catechism" that have made Scotland great. So the chief glory and greatness of New England lie in the fact that it has raised such mighty men. It has been truly said that it is as "ancestors" that the Pilgrims have scored their greatest success.

I join with you in the honor which you have done to the men of the past, and I do so with all the heartiness and impartiality of a representative of the Scotch-Irish Society. But I have a nearer interest in those ancestors of yours than the

official one which has given me the honor of this address. As your President has already suggested, I have a good claim to speak in my own behalf for the ancestral Pilgrims. The best gift that a man ever gets from Heaven—the gift of a good mother—came to me from old Connecticut. Among the Pilgrims from New England who in the early part of this century floated westward into Northern and Eastern Ohio, to what was known as the Western or Connecticut Reserve, was a widow woman, in whose emigrant wagon was a black-eyed lass, who grew up to womanhood among the hills of Eastern Ohio. For once, at least, a Scotch-Irishman got the better of a Yankee and won to his heart and to his home this black-eyed maiden. Kate Sheldon was her name, and in her veins ran the very bluest and oldest blood of New England, back through lines that radiated into many of New England's prominent families to Isaac Sheldon of the Dorchester Colony, which in 1630 settled on the Heights near Boston. If I had no other cause for kindly feeling to New England, that holy tie which binds childhood to motherhood would draw forth my most grateful sentiments towards her.

But the greatness of New England is not confined to her ancestors. The descendants also have some claim to that attribute. The Scotch-Irish have a proverb which wittily expresses the fact that a son doesn't size up in his intellectual qualities to the proportions of his father: "He'll niver wear his father's hat!" That can hardly be said of the Puritan. I dare say these hats around us would be even too small to cover the capacious craniums that contain the brains of these Philadelphia Pilgrims.

In every field of activity New England men of these days have proved themselves inferior to none. I have seen them tried under many conditions of life,—in literature, in art, in science, in commercial and manufacturing activity,—and the Pilgrims' sons have been the peers of the best. It has been my fortune to be present in several convocations wherein the best intellect and training of the Old World have been brought in contact and comparison with the training and intellect of

New England. I venture to say, without disparagement of any, that man for man, faculty for faculty, culture for culture, learning for learning, eloquence for eloquence, the men of New England proved themselves intellectually the peers of the best men of the Old World. Ay! one might even go further and, without straining his conscience, declare that the Pilgrims like their hats towered "a wee bit aboon the lave."

So in physical achievements and the courage of the battlefield, there has been no indication that the sons of the Pilgrims have deteriorated from their sires. On many foughten fields, in conflict with the brave and skillful men of the South, New England pluck, New England steadfastness and New England genius proved that heredity had not wrought depreciation and deterioration, but that the Pilgrims of the present are as well entitled to the name of heroes as were the men of the past.

Conceding thus much to New England, you will permit me to say that the same is true of the Scotch-Irish. Their fathers wore a large hat, and it was prominent in the very van of every conflict for national liberty and civilization. To refer only to the Revolutionary era: Perhaps there are not many of you who know that at least one-third of the entire population of the Colonies was composed of men of Ulster birth and descent. When you turn over the pages of our history, you will find their names written in every department of patriotic endeavor. From Alexander Hamilton, the peerless statesman and constitutional lawyer, down to James G. Blaine and William McKinley, the blood of the old Scotch-Irish stock has shown its vigor. Do you think of the great generals of the war? There was General Starke, the hero of Bennington and of the famous epigram that he would sleep that night victor on the field or Molly Starke would sleep a widow. That New England hero was of Scotch-Irish stock, as were Thornton and Sullivan of New Hampshire, and many others of that vigorous race, who recruited the life of New England, but whose names are almost submerged in the majority of English Pilgrims and their descendants.

Morgan, the rifleman and hero of the battle of Cowpens ; Knox, Randolph, Montgomery, Livingstone, and our own Pennsylvania Mercer ; the Sumpters, the Rutledges and the Pinckneys of the South—these were some of the Ulster Pilgrims who helped to win our independence. From that period to the present the Scotch-Irish have been in the van of national conflicts down to the time of the late Rebellion. Then it is a Grant who appears as the master-figure, and after him a long line of heroes—Mac-Pherson, whose chivalrous spirit, alas ! too soon went up in the fiery chariot of battle ; Reynolds, the hero of Gettysburg ; Crawford, the gallant leader of the Pennsylvania Reserves ;—but I forbear. The mere speaking of their names would consume my time.

If we think of the masters of speech, the orators who have power to move assemblies of men, the Scotch-Irish have been heard all along the line, from Patrick Henry, whose clarion words sounded the bugle-call that summoned to the struggle for liberty, down to Horace Porter of our New York suburb, who rivals even Chauncey Depew in the charm of his after-dinner speeches.

We come to theologians and preachers. New England has been mighty in that field, and sometimes has considered it as her especial province. Nevertheless there also the Scotch-Irish may claim a place at her side. MacKemie, who founded Presbyterianism, and Philip Emsbury, who founded Methodism in America, were of Scotch-Irish stock. It was a Scotch-Irishman, the elder Tennant, who founded the log academy which proved the seeding center of Princeton University. The first educational institution in the West was established by another Scotch-Irish minister, the famous pioneer preacher and educator, John McMillan, who in his log Latin school laid the foundation of Jefferson College. The pioneers of religion and education were very largely drawn from men of this blood. As a rule, they were able and educated men, being graduates of the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Harvard, Yale and Princeton.

Thus it was everywhere throughout the South and Southwest. As to the standing in learning and eloquence and piety of the modern ministers of that goodly stock, perhaps it would be better for me to reply in the language of a famous London minister, when asked who was the first preacher in London. "Modesty, sir, forbids me to name the first, but I will tell you who is the second." Our Scotch-Irish parsons may not, perhaps, be entitled to lay claim to superiority over the Pilgrims from New England, but certainly we have held our own—at least, we are equal to the sermonizers of New England—as to length! Perhaps, however, that will be no better recommendation to you than to a certain Scotchman who, having absented himself from kirk services, was visited by the minister, who remonstrated with him for his neglect of the ordinances. The parson insisted that Sawnie should give a reason why he stayed away from church, and finally, with some hesitation, the delinquent confessed that he found the sermons entirely too long. "Hoot, mon!" said the minister; "if you dinna tak care ye'll find yoursel in a place where ye'll no be troubled with sermons, whether lang or short!" "Ah, weel, then," was the quick response, "it'll no be for want of meenisters." I shall not insist upon pushing the claim of the Scotch-Irish to precedence in either the number or quality of ministerial recruits to that unmentionable region to which the Scotch parson and his delinquent parishioner referred. But I will say that it ought to be known more largely what a prominent part clergymen of that blood took in securing our independence. With scarcely an exception, they were patriotic; and many of them were in the service both as fighting officers and as chaplains. Such men as James Caldwell, David Caldwell, Craighead, Duffield, McWhirter, Rogers, Foster, and many others, contributed one of the largest elements of influence to the success of the national cause.

These men, and the noble band of elders and people who stood around them, like the New England Puritans were characterized by a strong love of civil and religious liberty. And they loved freedom not only for themselves, but for the world.

These noble Ulstermen, whose qualities as soldiers, whose wisdom and stability as statesmen, whose piety and zeal as ministers and educators helped to win this land for us, are worthy to be mentioned by a President of the Scotch-Irish Society side by side with their gallant, learned and godly compeers of New England.

There is another likeness between the Pilgrims of New England and the Pilgrims from Ulster which may be referred to. They were Pilgrims by compulsion. They left Great Britain because Great Britain had not yet learned that toleration which marks our British cousins of the present time. It seems amazing, as we look back one hundred and fifty years, that the statesmen of England should have been so short-sighted, and under the influence of such ecclesiastical bigotry, as led to the enactment of the "test oath" and other odious infringements upon personal and religious liberty which set in course the stream of emigration from Ulster that peopled the Middle and Southern States and the Western borders with such a virile stock as the Ulster Scotchmen.

Henry Ward Beecher, when once asked to define a true call to the ministry, replied "that it meant an open door in front and a kick from behind." That was the sort of call which both New England and Ulster Pilgrims had to their glorious ministry of nation-building upon the American continent. It was a wide open door to a world-influence, though our fathers had but a dim conception of that fact. They did feel and appreciate most keenly the vigorous measures which compelled them to leave their homes in England and Ulster and find their manifest destiny in America. That mother country of ours held a vigorous slipper; and her foot was trebly mailed and stretched forth with wrathful force to expel the founders of New England and of the Middle States. While we wonder at their folly, we nevertheless recognize that Providence which caused the wrath of man to praise Him. We thank God to-day for those winds of persecution that wafted the Mayflower across the ocean, to leave her holy cargo of Pilgrim sons and daughters upon the rockbound coast of New England. Equally are

we thankful for the persecuting blasts that set the thistle down of old Scotland and the seeds of the Ulster shamrock afloat across the broad Atlantic to find lodgment and take root in the rich valleys of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and to be carried through the gateways of our own Philadelphia, then the leading city of the country, along the southern shore westward to the headwaters of the Ohio, and thence along the banks of that river, and over the mountains south of it, to the whole western and southwestern country.

We cherish no hostility to Mother Britain for these acts, which have been overruled for our own good and the blessings of humanity; though, perhaps, it is not quite natural that we should find our hearts overflowing with gratitude for her unwitting services in this regard. Nevertheless we respond with great cordiality to the sentiments of friendship which have been uttered on this floor to-night.

Like my friend Dr. Wayland, I also would speak a word for peace. Let there go forth from this assembly a strong and earnest voice for continued good will between America and Great Britain. I feel strongly on this subject, as all must feel, for it would be an outrage upon humanity; it would be a calamity, a shame and a sin, for which the future could furnish no excuse, were the present complications over Venezuela to be allowed to breed a war between ourselves and Great Britain. Yet peace must come with honor. There are principles established by our fathers and cherished by their sons which dare not, in the interests of safety and of continuous honorable peace, be sacrificed.

A desire for peace on such terms must be reciprocated by England; and we would be happy to-night in the belief that such is the spirit of Britons. Jonathan must not be behind John, Jonathan will not be behind John, in response to all honorable advances for a peaceful settlement of this difficulty. For one, I would be glad to see Jonathan standing upon old Plymouth Rock reaching his neck across the intervening Atlantic to proffer a kiss of conciliation. If John will take his stand

anywhere upon his western coast, and stretch his neck westward in the same spirit of kindly conciliation, Jonathan will clasp hands with John, and the two shall bridge the blue Atlantic with an arch of national fraternity, and kiss one another with such resounding heartiness that the very skies shall echo back the greeting. And the angels of this Christmastide shall answer with the old-time *Gloria in excelsis*: Peace on earth, toward men good will !

I thank you, sons of the New England Pilgrims, for having listened to me so patiently. As President of the Scotch-Irish Society for the current year, I thank you for your cordial acknowledgment of the Ulster side of my lineage as a descendant of the Pilgrims from Ulster. And from the maternal side, through a long ancestry of Puritan Pilgrims, I give you fraternal greeting, and trust that the union between the sons and daughters of New England and of the Scotch-Irish may continue in unbroken fellowship in the common service of our beloved country and in noble helpfulness of mankind.

THE PRESIDENT then said :

We shall be in danger, as General Porter, I think, remarked on a previous occasion, of being known as *the early* New Englanders. The twenty-third of December has nearly passed, and we must have due regard for the date of our celebration. We will now close by singing the hymn "America," which you will find on the last page of the programme.

The company, under the lead of Dr. McCook, responded by joining in the singing of the patriotic verses.

Constitution and By-Laws.

We, the subscribers, hereby create the Association herein named, and adopt the following as its Constitution and By-Laws:

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

II. OBJECT.

Its object shall be charity, and good-fellowship, and the honoring of a worthy ancestry.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, eighteen years of age or older, wherever residing, a native, or descendant of a native, of any New England State, shall be eligible to membership and shall become a member by participating in the creation of this Society, or by the majority vote of the Society, or of its Council, subscribing to these Articles, and paying an admission fee of five dollars (\$5.00).

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present, at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for three consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETINGS.

1. The Annual Meeting shall be held not less than one week before the Annual Festival, and at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed through the post office to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in the event of their absence from the city, by any two members of the Council.

V. COUNCIL.

1. At each Annual Meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, a Chaplain, and a Physician, to serve one year and until their successors are chosen; at the Annual Meeting in 1895 there shall also be elected twelve Directors, who, upon entering upon office, shall divide themselves by lot into three classes of four each, one class to serve one year, one class two years and one class three years. At the Annual Meeting in 1896 and each subsequent year there shall be elected four directors to serve three years, or until their successors are elected. The officers and Directors elected each year shall enter upon office on the first of January next succeeding, and, together with the Directors holding over, shall constitute the Council.

Of the Council there shall be four standing committees :

(a) On Admission, consisting of the First Vice-President, the Secretary and four Directors.

(b) On Finance, consisting of the officers of the Society, except the Chaplain and Physician.

(c) On Charity, consisting of the Chaplain, the Physician and four Directors.

(d) On Entertainment, consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

2. The Council shall fill any vacancy which shall occur in any office, or in the position of Director.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or, in his absence, the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent, then the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence, at any time, of all these, then a temporary chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council, and shall have the custody of the seal of the Society.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of the said committee next preceding the Annual Meeting of the Society, he shall make full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report to the Council, or to the Society, upon the names of all persons submitted for membership.

2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society; shall see to the proper investment of its surplus funds, if any; and, through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.

3. The Committee on Charity shall disburse, in conformity to the objects of the Society, all moneys appropriated by the Council for charitable purposes, and make report thereof at the meeting of the Council next preceding the Annual Meeting of the Society.

4. The Committee on Entertainment shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the Annual Festival.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure.

IX. CHARITY.

1. The Council may appropriate a portion of the annual income of the Society, not exceeding three-fourths, to the relief of indigent or unfortunate persons of New England origin.

2. The widow or children of a deceased member, if in need, shall be entitled, for five successive years, to an annuity from the funds of the Society, equal to the full amount which such member shall have actually paid into its treasury; such annuity, however, shall in no case be paid to such widow ~~after~~ ^{after} she shall have again married, nor to children after they shall be able to earn their own livelihood.

X. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society ; of the Council, five members, and of the committees, a majority.

XI. FEES.

The annual dues, after the first year of membership, shall be three dollars ; but any person admitted a member may become a life member by paying fifty dollars, and shall thereby be exempt from paying the admission fee of five dollars and annual dues.

XII. ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

An Annual Festival of the Society shall be held on the twenty-second of December, except when that day is Sunday, and then the festival shall be held on the day following, at such time and place and in such manner as shall be determined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XIII. MOTTO AND SEAL.

1. The motto of the Society shall be

“ Veritas et Libertas.”

2. The seal of the Society shall have in the center a representation of the Mayflower at anchor in Plymouth harbor,

surrounded by concentric rings, on the inner of which shall be the motto, and the date 1620; on the next the name of the Society and the date 1881, and on the next a wreath of may-flowers and entwined scrolls, bearing the names of New England Colonies and States.

XIV. DISPOSITION OF PROPERTY.

In case of the dissolution of the Society.

This organization is intended to be perpetual, but if, for any reason whatsoever, it shall at any time be deemed best by a majority of those present at any annual meeting at which a quorum of members shall be present, that the same shall be dissolved (notice having been given in the call for said meeting that the question of dissolution would be considered), or if at any time there shall have been failure for three successive years to hold an annual meeting, then and in such event, and immediately thereafter, the Treasurer shall transfer and deliver all moneys and other property of the Society to the Medical Department of the Pennsylvania Hospital, for its sole and exclusive use forever.

XV. AMENDMENT.

1. These articles may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the Society, the purposed amendment having been approved by the Council, and notice of such proposed amendment sent to each member with the notice of the annual meeting.

2. They may also be amended at any meeting of the Society, provided that the alteration shall have been submitted at a previous meeting.

3. No amendment or alteration shall be made without the approval of two-thirds of the members present at the time of their final consideration, not less than twenty-five voting for such alteration or amendment.

Honorary Life Member.

H. L. Wayland, D.D., 511 S. Forty-second Street.

Life Members.

Batterson, H. G., D.D.,	156 West 73d Street, New York.
Bond, Frank S.,	38 West 51st Street, New York.
Clark, Clarence H.,	660 Bullitt Building.
Dreer, William F.,	714 Chestnut Street.
Elkins, William L.,	1203 North Broad Street.
Fiske, Louis S.,	34 South Front Street.
Little, Amos R.,	Aldine Hotel.
Littlefield, H. W.,	1111 Betz Building.
Tilden, W. H.,	520 Walnut Street.
Tyler, George F.,	201 South Fifteenth Street.

Annual Members.

Allyn, Dr. Herman B.,	Fortieth and Locust Streets.
Allyn, Isaac W.,	133 South Front Street.
Andres, Hiram,	1507 Walnut Street.
Bacon, Richard W.,	1426 Arch Street.
Bailey, Joseph T.,	Twelfth and Chestnut Streets.
Ball, Joseph A.,	Stock Exchange Place.
Banks, George W.,	Twelfth and Chestnut Streets.
Barker, Eben F.,	208 South Fourth Street.

Barnes, John Hampton,	1727 Spruce Street.
Barnes, William H.,	1727 Spruce Street.
Bartol, George E.,	262 South Twenty-first Street.
Battles, Frank,	505 Chestnut Street.
Beers, C. Eliot,	1409 Lombard Street.
Bennett, Jacob T.,	2039 Spring Garden Street.
Bement, William B.,	1814 Spring Garden Street.
Bent, Luther S.,	1103 Spruce Street.
Bentley, G. Taylor,	Walnut Lane and Morton Street.
Bigelow, George A.,	133 South Fourth Street.
Blake, Barton F.,	715 Corinthian Avenue.
Blanchard, Rev. Joseph N.,	2208 Walnut Street.
Bliss, Theodore,	1832 Race Street.
Blynn, Henry,	824 Chestnut Street.
Boardman, George Dana, D.D.,	3827 Walnut Street.
Bolles, Albert S.,	Aldine Hotel.
Borden, E. P.,	2038 Spruce Street.
Borden, E. Shirley,	2038 Spruce Street.
Bowles, P. P.,	4014 Chestnut Street.
Boyd, James,	14 North Fourth Street.
Boyden, Amos J.,	1614 Mt. Vernon Street.
Brazier, J. H.,	902 Chestnut Street.
Brinley, Charles A.,	247 South Sixteenth Street.
Brown, Henry W.,	432 Walnut Street.
Brown, Levi D.,	116 North Seventeenth Street.
Brown, J. Tabelé,	Prospect Avenue, Chestnut Hill.
Brown, John A. S.,	1524 North Seventeenth Street.
Brush, C. H.,	420 Library Street.
Burdiet, Dr. S. P.,	1334 Parrish Street.
Burnham, George,	500 North Broad Street.
Burnham, George, Jr.,	500 North Broad Street.
Burnham, William,	Harrison Building.
Burt, Edward W.,	1107 Market Street.
Bushnell, Charles E.,	328 Chestnut Street.
Butler, John M.,	119 South Fourth Street.
Butler, Edgar H.,	220 South Fifth Street.
Caldwell, Seth, Jr.,	1939 Chestnut Street.
Carr, George Bradford,	139 South Fifth Street.
Carpenter, Harvey N.,	115 South Twenty-second Street.
Carstairs, Daniel Haddock,	222 South Front Street.
Carstairs, J. Haseltine,	222 South Front Street.
Chase, Howard A.,	19 Woodland Terrace.
Chapin, Dr. John B.,	Forty-fourth and Market Streets.

Chauncey, Charles,	269 South Fourth Street.
Claffin, Waldo M.,	526 North Eighteenth Street.
Claghorn, J. Raymond,	800 Pine Street.
Clapp, Herbert M.,	West Johnson Street, Germantown.
Clark, Charles E.,	4115 Walnut Street.
Clark, C. H., Jr.,	141 South Fourth Street.
Clark, E. W.,	141 South Fourth Street.
Cleverly, Henry A.,	1018 Chestnut Street.
Colburn, Arthur,	110 North Second Street.
Collins, J. C.,	603 Brown Street.
Colton, J. Milton,	141 South Fourth Street.
Colton, Sabin W., Jr.,	141 South Fourth Street.
Converse, Charles A.,	432 North Thirteenth Street.
Converse, John H.,	500 North Broad Street.
Conwell, Rev. Russell H.,	2020 North Broad Street.
Cook, James W.,	2108 Walnut Street.
Cooke, Jay,	119 South Fourth Street.
Cooke, Albert D.,	1220 Filbert Street.
Corbin, E. A.,	430 Walnut Street.
Cornish, Thomas E.,	Continental Hotel.
Coxe, Charles H.,	1007 Walnut Street.
Cragin, Charles I.,	232 South Twenty-first Street.
Crittenden, J. Parker,	4053 Spruce Street.
Culver, Martin B.,	1529 Locust Street.
Cuming, John K.,	1603 Columbia Avenue.
Curtin, Dr. Roland G.,	22 South Eighteenth Street.
Curtis, C. H. K.,	435 Arch Street.
Cushing, William A.,	126 South Fourth Street.
Canthbert, Allen Brooks,	Edgewater Park, N. J.
Dana, Stephen W., D.D.,	3925 Walnut Street.
Darby, Edward T., M.D.,	Lansdowne.
Darlington, Joseph G.,	Haverford.
Dean, N. Bradford,	337 Market Street.
Delano, Eugene,	S. E. Corner Fourth and Chestnut Sts.
Dexter, E. Milton,	1218 Spruce Street.
Dorr, Dalton,	4208 Elm Avenue.
Duane, James May,	2225 Trinity Place.
Dwight, Edmund P.,	407 Library Street.
Dwight, H. E., M.D.,	336 South Fifteenth Street.
Earle, Morris,	1918 Spruce Street.
Eddy, George W.,	119 South Fourth Street.
Edson, Alfred H.,	2223 North College Avenue.

Ellis, Henry C.,	2319 Green Street.
Elwell, William P.,	2207 Mt. Vernon Street.
Ely, Theodore N.,	Altoona.
Este, Charles,	4111 Baltimore Avenue.
Evans, Charles T.,	428 Walnut Street.
Evans, Shepley W.,	20 South Broad Street.
Ewing, D. S.,	1127 Chestnut Street.
Fahnestock, James F., Jr.,	307 Walnut Street.
Farnum, Edward S. W.,	5933 Germantown Avenue.
Fitch, William G.,	339 Walnut Street.
Fletcher, George A.,	Twelfth and Chestnut Streets.
Frothingham, Theodore,	411 Walnut Street.
Fuller, J. C.,	Pine Grove Furnace, Cumberland Co.
Gerry, F. R.,	1801 Market Street.
Getchell, F. H., M.D.,	1432 Spruce Street.
Gile, Gen. George W.,	3711 Walnut Street.
Gillett, Alfred S.,	N. E. Cor. Seventh and Chestnut Sts.
Godfrey, Lincoln,	128 Chestnut Street.
Goodell, A. W.,	2013 Mt. Vernon Street.
Goodrich, Henry G.,	430 Walnut Street.
Goodrich, William C.,	332 Walnut Street.
Goodrich, William,	4407 Sansom Street.
Goodwin, Harold,	504 Walnut Street.
Gould, George M., M.D.,	119 South Seventeenth Street.
Gould, Rev. Ezra Pahner,	4813 Regent Street.
Greenough, Rev. William,	1712 Franklin Street.
Hacker, William,	161 Wister Street, Germantown.
Hackett, Horatio B.,	2506 Tulip Street.
Haddock, Stanley B.,	438 Market Street.
Hale, Arthur,	Office Transportation, P. R. R.
Hale, Henry S.,	48 North Sixth Street.
Hale, J. Warren,	48 North Sixth Street.
Hall, Amos H.,	140 Chestnut Street.
Harding, Hon. Garriek M.,	Wilkesbarre.
Harding, John A.,	108 North Delaware Avenue.
Harrington, Melvin H.,	70 W. Upsal Street, Germantown.
Haseltine, Charles F.,	1516 Chestnut Street.
Haughton, Rev. James,	Bryn Mawr.
Hawley, Benjamin F., M.D.,	417 North Thirty-third Street.
Heaton, Augustus,	Continental Hotel.
Hebard, Charles,	Chestnut Hill.

Henry, Charles W.,	Wissahickon Heights.
Henry, J. Bayard,	742 Drexel Building.
Hill, George H.,	3601 Baring Street.
Hill, Horace,	421 Chestnut Street.
Hinckley, Robert H.,	534 Drexel Building.
Hopkins, Albert Cole,	Lock Haven.
Horr, R. Cortland,	3806 North Broad Street.
Hovey, F. L.,	S. W. Cor. Tenth and Market Streets.
How, W. Storer, D.D.S.,	1347 Spring Garden Street.
Howard, Prof. Daniel W.,	West Chester.
Howard, Francis A.,	416 Walnut Street.
Howard, Philip E.,	221 St. Mark's Square.
Howe, Frank P.,	251 South Seventeenth Street.
Howe, H. M., M.D.,	16 '6 Locust Street.
Howlett, Charles E.,	16 South Front Street.
Howlett, Edwin J.,	16 South Front Street.
Hoxie, Henry N.,	Haverford.
Hoyt, Henry M., Jr.,	310 Chestnut Street.
Hyde, Edward S.,	107 Chestnut Street.
Isley, John P.,	East Walnut Lane, Germantown.
Janes, William P.,	1021 Walnut Street.
Jeffords, John E.,	2027 Walnut Street.
Johnson, A. B.,	500 North Broad Street.
Keene, Albert A.,	260 North Broad Street.
Kenney, H. F.,	Ridley Park.
Keay, Nathaniel S.,	N. W. Cor. Fourth and Chestnut Sts.
Keith, Elija A.,	1216 Chestnut Street.
Kelley, William D.,	106 Cliveden Avenue, Germantown.
Kent, Henry T.,	Clifton Heights.
Keyes, D. A.,	522 Walnut Street.
Kimball, Fred J.,	333 Walnut Street.
Kingsley, E. F.,	Continental Hotel.
Kisterbock, John,	1231 Market Street.
Kisterbock, Josiah, Jr.,	City National Bank.
Lee, Edward Clinton,	2117 Spruce Street.
Leonard, Frederick M.,	119 South Fourth Street.
Lewis, Francis D.,	411 Walnut Street.
Lewis, H. M.,	Wayne Ave., W. of School Lane.
Lewis, Richard A.,	902 Chestnut Street.
Lovejoy, Arthur B.,	3901 Chestnut Street.
Lyman, William R.,	1115 Chestnut Street.

Mapes, George E.,	800 Chestnut Street.
Marcus, W. N.,	218 North Second Street.
Marks, Prof. William D.,	4304 Walnut Street.
Marshall, George Morley, M.D.,	1701 Girard Avenue.
Marston, John,	Merion P. O.
Mason, George C., Jr.,	1017 Spruce Street.
McDowell, John A.,	1727 Walnut Street.
Merrick, Thomas B.,	Mill and Chew Streets, Germantown.
Merrill, John Houston,	1911 Rittenhouse Street.
Miller, James C.,	1428 Chestnut Street.
Miller, Niles M., M.D.,	4108 Walnut Street.
Miles, Fredk. B.,	258 South Eighteenth Street.
Monroe, Josiah,	1103 Girard Building.
Moody, Carlton M.,	1909 Green Street.
Moody, William F.,	323 Walnut Street.
Montelius, William Edward,	441 Chestnut Street.
Morgan, Frank E.,	1629 Walnut Street.
Moulton, Byron P.,	Rosemont.
Mumford, Joseph P.,	313 Chestnut Street.
Munson, C. LaRue,	Williamsport.
Muzzey, Frank W.,	1803 Chestnut Street.

Nason, Rev. C. P. H.,	5123 Green Street, Germantown.
Neale, Henry M., M.D.,	Upper Lehigh.
Nevin, Rev. Charles W.,	1822 South Broad Street.
Newhall, Daniel S.,	Broad Street Station.
Newton Charles C.,	2018 Mt. Vernon Street.
North, Ralph H.,	Boyer Street, Mt. Airy.
Nye, George E.,	608 Arch Street.

Ober, Thomas K.,	1210 Chestnut Street.
Ogden, Robert C.,	1316 Spruce Street.
Olmstead, M. E.,	Harrisburg.
Osborne, Edwin,	2200 Chestnut Street.

Paulding, Tatnall,	Third and Walnut Streets.
Peabody, Charles B.,	Greenfield, Mass.
Peckham, LeRoy Bliss,	235 South Forty-second Street.
Pierce, Harold,	440 School Lane, Germantown.
Perkins, Edward L.,	110 South Fourth Street.
Perkins, Francis M., M.D.,	1428 Pine Street.
Plummer, Everett H.,	512 Walnut Street.
Poole, Charles P.,	254 North Water Street.

Ramsdell, J. G.,
 Randle, George Mather,
 Ranney, Charles H.,
 Rathbun, Robert P.,
 Reynolds, George N.,
 Richards, Charles H., D.D.
 Richmond, Evelyn C.,
 Rickettson, John H.,
 Rodman, Walter C.,

Safford, Thomas S.,
 Sanger, Edward Grafton,
 Scott, E. Irvin,
 Scott, Clarence W.,
 Scott, T. Seymour,
 Scranton, Edward S.,
 Seaver, Joseph H.,
 Selleck, George H.,
 Shackford, Capt. J. W.,
 Shattuck, George,
 Shaw, Frederic,
 Sheldon, Winthrop Dudley,
 Sherman, Charles P.,
 Shortridge, N. Parker,
 Shumway, A. A.,
 Skinner, Frank Bevin,
 Smith, D. D., M.D.,
 Smith, Atwood,
 Smith, Charles Emory,
 Smith, Leonard O.,
 Snowman, Albert E.,
 Soule, J. Emory,
 Southwick, James L.,
 Sparhawk, Charles W.,
 Sparhawk, John, Jr.,
 Spooner, Alban,
 Sproat, Harris E.,
 Stacey, Albert,
 Stacey, Edward P.,
 Stephenson, Walter B.,
 Stone, Hon. Charles W.,
 Sumner, Alfred W.,

Taylor, Horace E.,
 Tenney, John,

1111 Chestnut Street.
 10 North Front Street.
 2111 Chestnut Street.
 South Bethlehem.
 Lancaster.
 2033 Green Street.
 1345 Arch Street.
 Pittsburgh.
 Drexel Building.

Swarthmore, Pa.
 249 South Third Street.
 27 North Sixth Street.
 27 North Sixth Street.
 425 Arch Street.
 Betz Building.
 2045 Spruce Street.
 4119 Pine Street.
 2317 St. Alban's Place.
 416 Walnut Street.
 902 Chestnut Street.
 Girard College.
 1001 Chestnut Street.
 Wynnewood P. O.
 623 Market Street.
 401 Chestnut Street.
 1629 Walnut Street.
 237 South Forty-second Street.
 700 Chestnut Street.
 1838 Mt. Vernon Street.
 Builders' Exchange.
 Union League.
 2028 Chestnut Street.
 219 South Forty first Street.
 400 Chestnut Street.
 5 Bank Street.
 Westtown, Chester County.
 Betz Building.
 Dover, Del.
 214 Chestnut Street.
 Washington, D. C.
 General Office, P. R. R.

306 Walnut Street.
 307 Walnut Street.

Terry, Arthur L.,	37 South Water Street.
Terry, Henry C.,	141 South Fourth Street.
Thomas, Augustus,	2032 Green Street.
Thomas, Charles Hermon, M.D.,	1807 Chestnut Street.
Thomas, Rufus R.,	N. W. Cor. 18th and Market Streets.
Thompson, Benjamin,	1338 Chestnut Street.
Thompson, E. O.,	1338 Chestnut Street.
Thompson, A. F.,	712 Chestnut Street.
Tredick, Edward,	608 Arch Street.
Trumbull, Rev. H. Clay, D.D.,	4103 Walnut Street.
Trumbull, Charles G.,	4103 Walnut Street.
Turner, C. P., M.D.,	1506 Walnut Street.
Turner, James V. P.,	517 City Hall.
Van Lennep, Dr. W. B.,	1421 Spruce Street.
Vanuxem, Louis C.	Chestnut Hill.
Wadsworth, Edward D.,	1618 Arch Street.
Warren, E. Burgess,	2013 Spruce Street.
Warren, Gen. Lucius H. ,	419 Walnut Street.
Warren, Henry M. ,	532 Walnut Street.
Waters, Daniel A.,	2215 Mt. Vernon Street.
Weaver, Clement,	S. E. Cor. Twelfth and Chestnut Sts.
Wells, Calvin,	Allegheny City.
Wellman, S. T.,	Upland, Delaware County.
Wentworth, J. Langdon,	Strafford, Chester County.
Wharton, Joseph,	P. O. Box 1332.
White, Stephen W.,	Broad Street Station.
Whitcomb, Charles M.,	Continental Hotel.
Wight, John Green,	912 South Forty-eighth Street.
Willard, Dr. DeForrest,	1601 Walnut Street.
Willard, Frank M.,	1601 Walnut Street.
Williams, Dr. Edward H.,	Thirty-third and Arch Streets.
Williams, Hon. Henry W.,	Continental Hotel.
Wing, Asa S.,	3404 Hamilton Street.
Winsor, James D.,	338 South Delaware Avenue.
Winsor, William D.,	338 South Delaware Avenue.
Wood, George,	1313 Spruce Street.
Woodbury, Frank, M.D.,	218 South Sixteenth Street.
Woodman, George B.,	Thirteenth and Market Streets.
Woods, Rev. Byron A., D.D.,	1811 North Eighteenth Street.

MOULTURY.

HENRY HENSLER, died September 10th. He was born in Dutchess County, New York, in 1849. He got into the electrical business, which occupied so much of his attention afterward, by becoming connected with J. B. Richards, a skilled mechanic, who was perfecting Royal W. House's printing telegraph instruments. Mr. Hensler assisted in organizing a company which was known as the New York City and Suburban Printing Telegraph Company, and of which he was made the General Manager. He laid a cable to Brooklyn, which no one had successfully done, and thus added a large and profitable business to what he already had. The success of this enterprise, it is considered, made him the father of the local telegraph business.

Shortly before the war he built several private lines, which were subsequently amalgamated under the management of the Philadelphia Local Telegraph Company, capitalized at \$400,000, with Mr. Bentley as President. He organized a service for bankers and brokers, and a local news service, which was maintained for many years. A branch of the local service was organized under the name of the "Gold and Stock Reporting Telegraph Company." Of this company Mr. Bentley was also the President. He was identified with the management of all the Western Union Telegraph Company's subordinate companies.

Mr. Bentley helped to organize the Bell Telephone Company of Philadelphia, and for eight years was its President. He was a member of the Photographic Society of Philadelphia. He leaves a wife and one son.

Ebenezer Herbert Clapp, died November 21st, at Lucerne, Switzerland. He was born in Dorchester, Mass., October 17, 1838, and was a direct descendant of Roger Clap, who, with his brother Nicholas Clap, came in the ship *Mary*

and John from England in 1636 to Dorchester, Mass., where for nearly two hundred and fifty years, from Roger the immigrant to the deceased, the family always had a "Deacon" Clap of each generation. Roger Clap was a founder of the First Church of Dorchester, and wrote a book on the early years of the settlement. Ebenezer Clapp, the father of deceased, was a well-known stationer of Boston, and wrote the History of Dorchester.

At the close of the war Mr. Clapp was associated with the house of Stroffer & Kirelmar of New York, then with Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., of which his brother is partner, and then with James S. Mason & Co. He married Elizabeth Graham Mason, daughter of Mr. James S. Mason, and was for awhile in business in Colorado Springs, Col., but his wife's health made it necessary to return to Boston, where, after settling the business of his father, then advanced in years, Mr. Clapp was appointed Assistant Clerk to the Massachusetts State Senate by S. N. Gifford, Esq., at whose death the Senate by unanimous vote elected Mr. Clapp as Clerk and successively unanimously re-elected him each year till he retired voluntarily in 1887, and removed to Germantown, Phila.

Mr. Clapp was also a member of the Apollo Club of Boston, The Bunker Hill Association, The Abt Society, Sons of the Revolution, The Historical Society, The Union League, The Unitarian Club of Philadelphia and The Germantown Unitarian Society. His mother, Sarah (Swan) Clapp, aged 90, his widow and one son survive him.

LEMUEL COFFIN, died January 4th. He was born in Newburyport, Mass., on the 4th of March, 1817. Coming to Philadelphia at an early age, he began his business career in the wholesale dry goods house of Bryan & Dunbar. Later, in 1850, he became one of the firm of Charles E. Welling, establishing the dry goods commission house of that name. In 1857 the firm of Welling, Coffin & Co. succeeded that, and upon the withdrawal of Mr. Welling, in 1864, he established the firm of Coffin & Altenius, which was succeeded later by the present firm.

Mr. Coffin was always a very active member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was one of the most assiduous workers in the church cause. He was connected with St. Andrew's Church in 1846, and in 1858, with John Bohlen, was one of the organizers of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and it was to his untiring efforts that the present church building is due.

Until the day of his death he was a Vestryman of the church, and for many years Accounting Warden. He was also Deputy to the General Conference of the Episcopal Church and an active member of the Board of Missions. He was deeply interested in hospital work, having been for some time one of the Trustees of the Hahnemann Hospital, and was also interested in the Episcopal Hospital. The parish house of Holy Trinity Church is another memorial to him, as it was due almost entirely to his perseverance that the building was erected. Mr. Coffin had been a member of the Board of Directors of the New England Society of Pennsylvania since the foundation of the organization.

About 1854 Mr. Coffin was married to Miss Monges, a daughter of the late Dr. Achimeda Monges. Mrs. Monges, Mrs. Coffin's mother, though very aged, survives her daughter and son-in-law.

ELMORE C. HINE, died March 8th. He was born in Middlebury, Conn., September 16, 1836. He attended the district schools, supplementing his education by two terms in the Waterbury High School, and finishing in Williston Seminary, East Hampton, Mass. He received his training as teacher in the Connecticut State Normal School at New Britain. He taught in the district schools of his native State and finally taking up medicine graduated from the medical department of Yale College in 1861. After practicing for a short time in Westfield, Mass., he entered the service of the country as Assistant Surgeon of the Seventh Regiment, Connecticut Infantry, in September, 1861.

He left the army in September, 1864, and served as Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., located in Philadelphia, in the McClellan Hospital at Nicetown, for a period of ten months. Resigning this position he took up the practice of his profession in this city in the Fifteenth Ward, until his appointment to the chair of Natural History at Girard College to fill the place made vacant by the death of Dr. Charles Budd.

As a teacher Dr. Hine was plain and practical, a hard and earnest worker, possessing the faculty of imparting to his pupils the best of his knowledge with unusual facility. He was one of the first members of the New England Society.

Dr. Hine was married in June, 1862, to Miss Mary Buell, daughter of William H. Buell, of Clinton, Conn. She survives him.

AMOS R. THOMAS, died October 31st. He was born October 3, 1826, at Watertown, N. Y., being descended from Welsh ancestors who were among the earliest settlers of Massachusetts. His father was Colonel Azariah Thomas, who served under General Jacob Brown on the Northern frontiers during the War of 1812. Dr. Thomas acquired the rudiments of his education in the common schools, and the Black River Institute, at Watertown, N. Y.

In 1850 he engaged in mercantile pursuits at Ogdensburg, N. Y., and entered upon the study of medicine in 1852 at the Syracuse Medical College, from which he graduated in 1854. The same year he removed to Philadelphia, where he pursued a course of study at the old Pennsylvania Medical College. Directly after graduation he was appointed Demonstrator, and in 1856 Professor of Anatomy in that institution, holding the latter office ten years. In 1856 he was also appointed Professor of Artistic Anatomy in the Academy of the Fine Arts, being the first in America to deliver a course of lectures on anatomy specially intended for artists. In 1863 he became Professor of Anatomy in the School of Design, serving as such for ten years. After the second battle of Bull Run Dr. Thomas volunteered as a surgeon in the army.

Soon after removing to Philadelphia Dr. Thomas became a convert to the homœopathic system of medicine, and in 1867 was called to the chair of Anatomy in the Hahnemann Medical College, of which institution he became Dean in 1874. Both of these positions he retained until his death. He was a member of The American Institute of Homœopathy, The Philadelphia County Medical Society, The Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, The Fairmount Park Art Association, The Academy of Natural Sciences and The Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Thomas married Miss Elizabeth Bacon, of Watertown, N. Y., who survives him, with one son, Dr. Charles M. Thomas, Professor of Ophthalmology and Otology at the Hahnemann College, and where for a number of years he was Professor of Surgery.

CHARLES TREDICK, died July 11th. He was born at Portsmouth, N. H., April 3, 1846. He received a public school education and then went to New York, where he became a dry goods salesman. He started in the insurance business in 1870 at the southeast corner of Seventh and Walnut Streets. The firm that was then organized was called Whiton & Tredick. The two men remained together for ten years, when the firm was dissolved and Mr. Tredick carried on the business alone for a couple of years. He then formed a partnership with William C. Bennet. Mr. Tredick's wife and two daughters survive.

In Memoriam.

Admitted.		Died.	
1881.	ATWOOD, J. WARD,	February,	1888.
1881.	BARTOL, B. II.,	February,	1888.
1891.	BENTLEY, HENRY,	September,	1895.
1889.	BIDDLE, A. SYDNEY,	April,	1891.
1881.	BRADFORD, SAMUEL,	August,	1885.
1881.	BRADLEY, J. W.,	—	1883.
1883.	BREED, WILLIAM P., D.D.,	February,	1889.
1887.	BROWN, SAMUEL C.,	October,	1891.
1881.	CALDWELL, FREDERICK L.,	January,	1885.
1881.	CALDWELL, STEPHEN A.,	October,	1890.
1881.	CLAGHORN, JAMES L.,	August,	1884.
1888.	CLAPP, E. HERBERT,	November,	1895.
1881.	COFFIN, LEMUEL,	January,	1895.
1881.	DADMUN, GEORGE A.,	October,	1888.
1881.	DARRAH, JOHN C.,	January,	1887.
1882.	DAVIS, HENRY,	June,	1889.
1881.	ELWELL, JOSEPH S.,	March,	1892.
1881.	ELWYN, ALFRED L.,	March,	1884.
1888.	EMERY, TITUS S.,	April,	1894.
1881.	FELTON, SAMUEL M.,	January,	1889.
1883.	GALVIN, T. P.,	April,	1892.
1881.	GOODWIN, D. R., D.D., LL.D.,	March,	1890.
1887.	GOODWIN, H. STANLEY,	December,	1892.
1881.	HADDOCK, DANIEL, JR.,	January,	1890.
1887.	HARRINGTON, EDWIN	September,	1891.
1881.	HAZELTINE, WARD B.,	March,	1886.
1883.	HAVEN, CHARLES E.,	September,	1890.
1883.	HIGBEE, DR. E. E.,	December,	1889.
1883.	HINCKLEY, ISAAC,	March,	1888.
1881.	HINE, ELMORE C., M.D.,	March,	1895.
1889.	HOLMAN, ANDREW J.,	October,	1891.
1881.	IDE, CHARLES K.,	April,	1885.
1881.	JACKSON, CHARLES M.,	October,	1888.

Admitted.

Died.

1881.	KIMBALL, FREDERICK S.,	February,	1894.
1881.	KINGSBURY, C. A., M.D.,	October,	1891.
1881.	KINGSLEY, J. E.,	June,	1890.
1881.	KINGSLEY, WILLIAM T.,	June,	1893.
1885.	LAMSON, A. D.,	November,	1892.
1882.	LEWIS, HENRY,	October,	1886.
1881.	LOCKWOOD, E. DUNBAR,	December,	1891.
1881.	MORRELL, DANIEL J.,	August,	1885.
1885.	MURPHY, FRANCIS W.,	September,	1894.
1881.	ORNE, EDWARD B.,	August,	1884.
1892.	PATTEN, WILLIAM,	July,	1892.
1881.	PEABODY, GEORGE F.,	March,	1885.
1888.	PERKINS, HENRY,	December,	1889.
1881.	PITKIN, H. W.,	November,	1889.
1882.	PULSIFER, SIDNEY,	March,	1884.
1882.	REED, CHARLES D.,	March,	1889.
1886.	ROBINSON, FRANK W.,	April,	1891.
1881.	ROLLINS, EDWARD A.,	September,	1885.
1881.	RUSSELL, WINFIELD S.,	September,	1884.
1888.	SCOLLAY, JOHN,	June,	1890.
1881.	SHAPLEIGH, E. B., M.D.,	December,	1892.
1883.	SMITH, EDWARD CLARENCE,	November,	1889.
1892.	SMITH, FRANK PERCY,	September,	1894.
1881.	SMITH, WINTHROP B.,	December,	1885.
1883.	SPARHAWK, JOHN,	May,	1889.
1881.	STACEY, M. P.,	May,	1888.
1881.	STEVENS, WM. BACON, RT. REV.,	June,	1887.
1882.	STRAW, HARRY C.,	November,	1887.
1883.	SWAN, BAXTER C.,	November,	1892.
1893.	THOMAS, A. R., M.D.,	October,	1895.
1888.	THOMPSON, ALBERT K.,	January,	1894.
1884.	TOWER, CHARLEMAGNE,	July,	1889.
1883.	TREDICK, CHARLES,	July,	1895.
1882.	TUCKER, ROSWELL D.,	June,	1883.
1881.	WATTLES, JOHN D.,	March,	1893.
1886.	WETHERILL, JOHN PRICE,	September,	1888.
1881.	WINSOR, HENRY,	October,	1889.
1881.	WOOD, GEORGE A.,	March,	1882.

